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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
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MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS FALSTAFF, AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll c'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Publishers are said to be complaining about the effects of the cycling epidemic on the book-market. There is a sad decline of novel-reading. Instead of buying books, the young and middle-aged of both sexes spend their money on bicycles. Coventry, not Paternoster Row, is the fountain of wisdom; and the chatter of tea-tables is no longer of the "new" fiction, but of lever-chains. Beauty does not languish a whole afternoon in a hammock with a romance; she "scorches" amid the heat and dust of a Surrey highway. By his unsold copies the publisher sits down and weeps when he remembers the copious editions of other years. Surely there is a better plan than that. Why doesn't he become an expert cyclist, and lie in wait on the high road for novices who have deserted his books? There is an apt story of Wesley, which Mr. Birrell told the other day. The evangelist was riding, and overtook a stranger who was also mounted. They fell to discussing religion, and when the stranger learned that his mentor was Wesley, he turned to flee. "I had the better horse," remarks Wesley in his journal, "so I showed him his heart all the way to Northampton." Why should not the publisher show the beauties of his new novels to the less experienced cyclist all the way to Hindhead? Should his companion have a bad accident, how delightful to thrust a precious volume into the hand of the prostrate man, and ride away with the righteous glow of a good Samaritan!

Speaking as a disinterested reviewer, I am not ungrateful to the bicycle. The more cycling, the less novel-reading, and therefore the smaller income for the scribe who has to explain the merits of novelists to an indolent public. This merely commercial point does not excite any misgiving in my mind as to the civilising influence of the cycle-manufacturer. Windows in which bicycles are exhibited for sale have for me the fascination I used to find at the bookseller's. Staring in at a window the other day, I was accosted by a friend, who said, "So you're going to start cycling at last! The very thing for a torpid liver!" He descanted on my liver for some minutes, and then urged me on no account to buy the particular brand of bicycle I was gazing at. It had secret vices; it was possessed with a devil; whereas he knew a bicycle which might make angels' wings moult with envy. I explained that I had no desire to ride a bicycle, and he said, with amazement, "Then, why glue your nose to this window?" "Because I rejoice to read there the doom of the English novel." He shook his head, and went off to spread the rumour among my friends that I was suffering from mental derangement.

A little dyspepsia there may be; but that is just the disorder which the novel seems malignly designed to foster. You swallow yards of platitude and bald prose, till life turns sickly and romance is like logwood. You marvel that anyone could write several hundred pages of this stuff instead of jumping from the third-floor window. I see that Dr. Conan Doyle has been telling an assemblage of writers that style is no matter, that a stylist is usually unintelligible, that all you need is to understand what the author means without any consciousness of his manner of saying it. This must be soothing to the majority of novelists whose works are still on the publishers' shelves because the world has gone a-cycling. Lucidity is, no doubt, a primary qualification of a writer; but, if that were all, the average leading article would rank with the highest literature, and the average story-teller would enter into the heritage of the great masters of fiction. Style is neither affectation nor obscurity; it is distinction; the visible symbol of an intellectual quality which holds the reader captive. "He knew how to see and how to describe what he had seen," says Tolstoi of Maupassant. "His style is as pure as a precious metal." The novelist who cannot compete with the bicycle sees nothing but some lifeless fantasy, and describes it in diction which is worthy of the theme.

A different kind of experiment is submitted to the English reader in a translation of Huysmans' "En Route." I learn from the translator's preface that the book is exercising a regenerative influence in France, and it is hoped that the experiences of a jaded voluptuary among the Trappists will spread the "gift of Faith" in England, especially belief in the activity of the devil. It saddens the translator that the devil is of so little account in our current thought. Philosophy pretends to have abolished him; but the Trappists, having little else to think about, discern his energy with professional distinctness. M. Huysmans' hero made the devil's acquaintance in an earlier novel, "Là-Bas," which describes the orgies of the Satan-worshippers in filthy detail. In a violent reaction the hero enters a Trappist monastery, where he finds the devil again, making vain assaults upon the penitents. Here he is regaled

by the monks with stories of the devices employed by saints to equip themselves against the enemy of mankind. To credit these legends you must have not only a potent "gift of Faith," but also a pretty strong stomach. Perhaps I shall shock the translator by saying that I fail to see much difference between the abominations of "Là-Bas" and some of the practices which the saints of the Trappist mythology found expedient to keep the devil at bay. The gratification of the flesh in the one case is no more repulsive than its mortification in the other.

But observe the conclusion. After much torment of mind, the hero returns to Paris. He avoids his old haunts; he prefers the society of the pig-keeper at the monastery to Parisian *littérateurs* and their books; he is too much of a monk to mix with other men of letters now; but he is too much of a man of letters to become a monk. That is a saving grace which the translator scarcely appreciates. The moral of "En Route" appears to be that you cannot cope with the devil unless you become a Trappist, and that you cannot be a Trappist and remain a man of letters. The awful question now arises: is there not some lurking devilry in literature which the translator (a publisher, by the way) ought to exorcise? I do not think he will achieve this by the publication of an unwholesome rigmarole which can make no rational appeal to any well-balanced mind. Sane people do not jump from "black magic" and devil-worship to the folk-lore of the Trappists; nor are they likely to regard this gymnastic feat as an aid to religious meditation.

The ubiquity of the devil has received an unexpected illustration. Alcohol was once described by a distinguished teetotaler as "the devil in solution"; and lo! the liquefied demon has been discovered in parsnip-beer. In that unpromising liquor alcohol is more than thirteen per cent. stronger than in public-house ale. Will the philosophers still maintain their apathy about the devil after this? We all know that parsnips cannot be buttered by soft words; but who would have suspected that they could be made diabolically stimulating by an innocent teetotal brew? The analyst who makes this revelation acquits the brewers of parsnip-beer. The simple creatures did not know the mischief they were doing; but how many blue ribbons have been belied by this sinister tap? Surely the teetotalers will revise their theology, and tell us that the apple in the Garden of Eden was a parsnip! For some years I have enjoyed the reputation of an abstemious man by virtue of the pint of ginger-ale I drink regularly at luncheon. I have never ceased to extol its "snap" and sparkle to my friends, and some converts agree with me that it leaves a gentle glow in the system, most wholesome at that time of day. True, an Irish statesman of my acquaintance, beguiled to sip it, promptly called for whisky in a headstrong manner; but I ascribed that to the unfortunate influence of early training.

Now that the "snap" and the gentle glow are explained by the inquisitive analyst, I feel my reputation is insecure. Teetotal drinks are alcoholic when they are not composed, like teetotal "sherry," of sugar and bisulphide of lime! The evil one has been chuckling all this time in my favourite bin of ginger-ale. I might take up my abode among the Trappists of the temperance hotel, and listen to their edifying anecdotes of hard drinkers who were converted to ginger-beer, were it not for the horrible suspicion that the interesting penitents knew more about alcohol than their reformers. Here is no struggle between parsnip-beer and the charms of literature. You may compound the drink that you're inclined to by damning that you have no mind to, with the pleasant sense that the percentage of alcohol is on your side. I saw the *menu* of a teetotal banquet lately, and was struck by the fantastic liquids that garnished every course. There were even liqueurs, distilled from some vegetable or other, and supposed by the unsophisticated zealots to be free from alcohol; yet the dissolving devil must have been in every one of them!

What will Sir Wilfrid Lawson do now? He may say there is no case and abuse the analyst; but that will not compose the alarms of the teetotal community. He may declare that the true blue-ribboner must drink water only; but the *menu* of that banquet shows this to be an unattainable ideal. Your total abstainer is always craving for some new vintage which he can lay down in his regenerated cellar. How is he to deny himself the pleasure of cracking a bottle of his fine old crusted cauliflower-port when a prodigal son returns to the paternal roof? How can he refrain from reminding a brother connoisseur of the last dozen of that famous '74 zoedone which they finished together? And yet the alcoholic demon was brewing in it all! It is a pathetic dilemma. I can only hope that the photography which, as Dr. Bertillon assures us, can disclose thought, will help the makers of teetotal drinks to detect the evil spirit before they have bottled him.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," AT THE LYCEUM.

To be frank, I may confess that it is with distrust I speak of the Lyceum revival of "The School for Scandal." While admitting the brilliance of the famous comedy, I venture to say that I have already had too much of it. To some people it may seem heresy to urge that one's pleasure in the theatre lies first in the play, and second in the playing—that the play is the end and the players but the means. Yet such, somewhat unfortunately for me, is my standpoint; and seeing that, on the whole, our players are a little better than our plays, my plight is unfortunate. Now, there are plays that may be called inexhaustible, but Sheridan's masterpiece does not seem to be among them; generally, if not always, they are works of such depth as to have an obscurity—you cannot easily see to the bottom of them, and the result is much discussion and dispute.

Is there—has there been much discussion or dispute concerning "A School for Scandal," any doubt or psychical difficulty about it? I think not. To me different presentations seem attempts to carry out the same concept of the characters, and even the efforts at new readings of the parts lie within a very narrow range. Moreover, one has seen time after time the same actor in what many deem the chief part. It is doubtless a weakness, a fault of my mind, that I am able to grow tired of a brilliant work even if it has no depth, a work every good point of which is obvious at a first visit. Probably, when deciding to put on such a play the management does not say to itself, "The public must be anxious to see 'The School for Scandal'"; but "the public would like to see so-and-so in 'The School for Scandal.'" How, then, is one able to judge fairly who candidly confesses to not being anxious to see anyone in this highly artificial work of genius?

Certainly the curiosity felt concerning Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the one actress who of late years has caused serious disputation, has succeeded in the task of getting a claim to genius earnestly discussed, should attract, while I have found Mr. Forbes-Robertson an actor who never fails to give me pleasure. Nevertheless, the announcement of the revival was not good news. Curiosity, alas! hardly existed, since the Lady Teazle and Joseph had already appeared at the Lyceum. It is only fair to make these remarks, so that they may be applied as a corrective to anything of a disparaging character I may have to say. The first question, of course, concerns the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. There is no question concerning the Sir Peter. Mr. William Farren has made the part his own. In how many revivals he has appeared it is not easy to say, but it may confidently be asserted that on each occasion his has been the most useful performance. The young critic is apt to blame his passion for the footlights, or to speak of his work as artificial, stagey, or unnatural; but, really, Mr. Farren keeps most ingeniously to the tone of the play and uses his admirable gifts in the one sound way. As soon as one sees the "natural" actor in the piece, one notices how the attempted naturalness of the acting destroys the verisimilitude of the comedy. This last sentence to some extent is a criticism upon Mrs. Patrick Campbell. That her work in many respects is delightful cannot be denied. One can pick out memorable scenes, such as the quarrel scene and the coaxing scene, while the repentance and humiliation after the fall of the screen were beautifully presented—perhaps in one sense too beautifully, for, though she did not seem beyond the words of the part, she showed a depth of feeling that had two disadvantages. Never before have I felt so irritated by Charles's jokes during the painful situation. They have always been vexing because they show no little meanness in this pinchbeck gentleman; in

the presence of such suffering they were positively brutal. Furthermore, her pitiful, repentant humiliation seemed to clash with the earlier scenes. Like most actresses, Mrs. Campbell did little to hint the "girl bred wholly in the country who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown," who in six months would not have become able to play "her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square," even though we have Sir Peter's biased opinion to the contrary. However, the new Lady Teazle, if not a better piece of acting than some of the old, is pleasant and very interesting.

The cast throughout is good. The Joseph of Mr. Forbes-Robertson is the most plausible and ingenious that I recollect. Mr. Cyril Maude, the Sir Benjamin, who has already played Sir Peter and Joseph, catches the air of the play more successfully than most of the company, and was remarkably good. Mr. Fred Terry, who lately has shown a tendency to be stagey in modern plays, succeeded in making capital use of his defect, and was a very taking Charles. The Sir Oliver of Mr. Edward Righton is sound work, though I prefer Mr. Vincent's. Miss Rose

Leclercq makes an effect in the grand style as Lady Candour; but Miss Henrietta Watson was not quite successful with the clumsily contrived part of Lady Sneerwell. As for Maria, I think no one will ever make much of the character; certainly Miss Sarah Brooke did not. Possibly this is the best performance of "The School for Scandal" given these ten years; compared with the Daly Company's revival, it is quite brilliant, despite the quality of Miss Rehan's acting; but I hope that after this the piece will have a long holiday.—s.

A FAMOUS FALSTAFF.

The Haymarket production of "Henry IV." recalls to mind a most curious performance of the play which took place at the Gallery of Illustration in October 1868. All London flocked to see it, for no less than Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, figured as Falstaff. "Mr. Lemon's personal qualifications," said a critic of the period, "are such as to identify him with the character, and to make certain points, which in other men are acting, natural in him. Mr. Lemon's literary character is also in his favour; as editor of *Punch* he, like Falstaff, has not only been witty himself, but the cause of wit in others." The universal verdict was that Lemon made one of the best Falstaffs ever seen, and he has been immortalised by the admirable drawing which his colleague, who has since become Sir John Tenniel, contributed to the *Illustrated London News* of the period. It is reproduced here on a slightly reduced scale. Sir

John Falstaff could hardly find a more telling delineator on paper than Sir John Tenniel, for the cleverness of this drawing shows the great draughtsman's skill as an artist.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD'S FIRST SPEECH.

A crowded audience at the New Theatre, Oxford, welcomed "Trilby" home again on Thursday, after her great success at the Haymarket. The occasion was the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which Miss Baird was acting as an amateur exactly two years ago, when Mr. Ben Greet saw her, recognised her talent, and introduced her to the professional stage. When the curtain went down on Thursday loud cries for "Dolly" rang through the theatre. Not content with a bow and smile, the audience demanded a speech. At last the "Isis Idol" walked down to the footlights, brushed aside a little wandering curl, and said: "I really haven't anything to say. You know I always like acting at Oxford ever so much better than anywhere else, and—and—that's all." Then Miss Baird withdrew, smothered with bouquets and blushes.



MR. MARK LEMON AS FALSTAFF.—SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News" of October 17, 1868.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LVIII.—"THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" AND MR. BOK.

"Mr. Bok?" observed an American diplomat in answer to a query. "Mr. Bok occupies one of the most responsible positions in the world. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend of over a million young women,



MR. BOK.

for the *Ladies' Home Journal* is to be found in every American *intérieur*, from New York to San Francisco, and so even in the great world of New England editors he holds, notwithstanding his youth, a unique position."

The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* always spends a few weeks in Europe each spring. He courteously received a representative of *The Sketch* in one of the rare intervals between "receptions, dinners, routs," to which he was civilly entreated by his numerous English friends.

"No, I am not Bismarck's godson," he said pleasantly; "but the great Chancellor was an intimate friend of my father's, and often came to our house when I was a child. I am Dutch; but I was only six years old when my parents settled in the States."

"I believe you did a great deal of journalistic work before taking over your present editorial chair?"

"That is so. I did my first piece of reporting at fourteen years of age, and I think I may claim to have been a thoroughly experienced journalist by the time I was offered the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal*."

"And, if it is not asking you to reveal professional secrets, to what do you attribute your unprecedented success? I refer to the circulation of your paper and the wide appreciation which has greeted your efforts."

"To begin with," replied my host modestly, "the *Journal* already possessed a circulation of 400,000 when I took over the editorial management. Founded some fifteen years ago by Mr. Curtis himself, the monthly proved from the first a financial success, and evidently supplied a real want in our homes. In those early days the *Journal* appealed mainly to country readers: during the last seven years I have tried to cater for a wider public, and so, while dropping none of the good old features, we have enlarged the general scope of the paper, and increased our circulation to something like three-quarters of a million."

"Now, as to how this result has been achieved," continued Mr. Bok, after a pause, "I will endeavour to give you a brief outline. To begin with, the yearly subscription is, at any rate to English ideas, infinitesimal—it is, postage included, one dollar a-year. For that we provide, once a-month, a large thirty-two page journal or magazine, fully illustrated, and written by all the best writers of the Old and New Worlds. Of our seven hundred and forty thousand readers, or, rather buyers—for each number of the *Journal* is read by at least four people—four hundred and thirty-two thousand are subscribers, and receive the journal direct from the office. We employ four thousand regular canvassers, who receive 25 per cent. on the orders they bring in, but even more do we rely on what may be styled the amateur or reader canvasser. To every girl who brings up a thousand new subscriptions we offer a year at any college or at the New England Conservatory of Music, everything being found for her during that time. Should she only succeed in obtaining five hundred new subscribers, she can either take her college fees for a year, or simply accept 25 per cent. on what she has procured for us. We have thus trained as musicians, teachers, and so on, over three hundred girls. Eighteen hundred of our readers are working for us in this fashion, and one of them has actually kept herself going at one of our large colleges for four years; that is to say, she has sent in four thousand new subscriptions to our office. We have lately offered the same privilege to our young men readers, for we find," concluded Mr. Bok, smiling, "that many of our readers' brothers and men friends are regular subscribers to the *Journal*."

"And how about your general programme?"

"I am a strong advocate of the personal tie between writer and reader. I always tell my editors—I mean those members of my staff in charge of special departments—to use the personal pronoun. Miss Ruth Ashmore, who is much beloved by her readers, deals with the general correspondence columns of the *Journal*. Last year she received and published answers to five thousand letters, every query being replied to in print. Mrs. Lyman Abbott, the wife of our great preacher, superintends the spiritual side of the *Journal*, and deals with religious queries. Another very popular feature is the monthly 'Heart to Heart Talk,' contributed by Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the foundress and President of 'The King's Daughters,' an association of women banded together with a view to philanthropic endeavour and mutual help, and having a membership of half a million. I myself take charge of the Editorial Page, in which any matter of current interest, or which strikes me as specially suitable, is discussed."

"And what part do you give to fiction and general articles?"

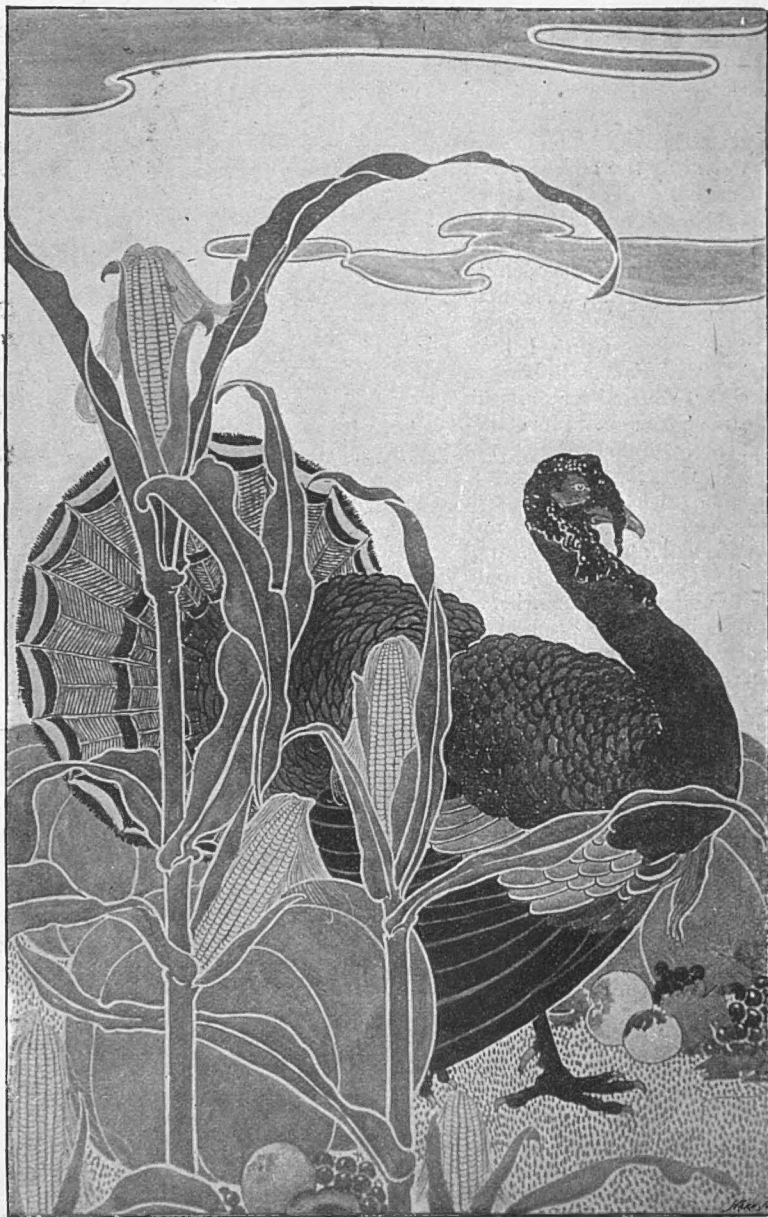
"We devote a great deal of time and trouble to the selection of suitable fiction, and, though many of the stories published in the *Journal* are commissions given by us to well-known writers, we are always on the look-out for new talent. Last year thirteen thousand manuscripts were sent in to the office and carefully read. As to the class of fiction we prefer, I am a great believer in short-story policy. Our longest serials consist of twenty-five thousand words stories, and we constantly publish complete tales a fifth or less of that length. Quite recently I refused a novel by your leading English woman writer because there was too much of it, from an editorial point of view. And I published three instalments only of Mary Anderson's *Reminiscences*. I hold that an editor should ever endeavour to surprise and enchain his readers' attention in each number of his publication. From all I hear, the long serial is doomed."

"I need hardly ask if you favour the problem-novels?"

"No, indeed. There are three subjects absolutely banned in the *Ladies' Home Journal*—politics, controversial religion, and the treatment of sexual problems. You see, we appeal every month to a vast girlish audience, and that," said Mr. Bok thoughtfully, "has its duties as well as its privileges. You mentioned general articles. Although we never publish interviews, we constantly include biographical and personal articles in our table of contents; but in each case the 'copy' is procured from a trustworthy source, and is read, before publication, by the person whom it most concerns. For instance, we lately published an account of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, written by an old friend, the proofs being passed by the venerable novelist's daughter. We also, whenever it is possible, obtain contributions from notable women."

"You attach importance to the illustrations of the *Journal*?"

"Certainly. My art editor, Mr. W. M. Johnson, is one of the finest decorative artists in America, and illustrated 'Ben Hur' and 'Hypatia.' Mr. Gibson is working for me now, and we are just starting a new feature, that is, a page illustration by M. Woolf, of *Life*. They say women lack the sense of humour. I will prove the contrary. By the way, you may be surprised to hear that ex-President Harrison's series of articles, 'This Country of Ours,' sent up our circulation a hundred thousand. American women are beginning to take a keen interest in public matters. I always try and keep pace with my readers. Have I ever thought of starting a young man's journal? I may have thought of it, but, after all, concentration is the secret of success, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* is enough to keep one man occupied the whole of his time."



A POSTER DESIGNED BY LOUIS J. RHEAD.

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EDITED BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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JULIET. Illustration from Photograph.

THE ANNUNCIATION. (Illustration.)

THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR. By MARY E. WILKINS. Illustrations by Arthur Jule Goodman.

WITH A STEEL MIRROR. (Poem.) By RICCARDO STEPHENS.

THE INTERMARRIAGES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK. By J. D. SYMON. With Illustrations.

THE MAKER OF MOONS. By R. W. CHAMBERS. Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

LADY GREENSLEEVES. Illustrations by Graham Robertson.

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND. Illustration by Robert Fauber.

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ON THE HILL-SIDE. By NORA HOPPER. Illustrations by Tom Kelly.

SONG OF SLEEP: TO SUNALINI. (Poem.) By SAROJINI CHATTOPADHYAY.

CONSTANCY. By JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester. Illustration by Gilbert James.

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Victoria .. dep.	6 45	10 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 45	3 55	4 55	5 55	7 17
London Bridge ..						1 50	4 0	4 55	5 50	7 25
Portsmouth .. arr.	9 0	12 45	1 10	1 40	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25
Ryde	9 55	1 50	1 50	3 0	3 0	5 10	7 45	7 45	8 35	
Sandown .. .	10 45	2 29	2 29		3 33	5 46	8 14	8 14	9 24	
Shanklin .. .	10 51	2 36	2 36		3 38	5 52	8 19	8 19	9 30	
Ventnor .. .	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 30	3 50	6 6	8 30	8 30	9 40	
Cowes	11 23	3 17	3 17		3 35	5 35	9 7	9 7	B	

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Saturdays and Tuesdays only. B To Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor, on Saturdays only.

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Victoria .. dep.	10 0 a.m.	8 50 p.m.	Paris	10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ..	10 0 ..	9 0 ..	London Bridge ..	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria	7 0 ..	7 50 ..

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FOR full particulars see Time-Books and Hand-bills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Offices, where tickets may also be obtained:—West-End, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.

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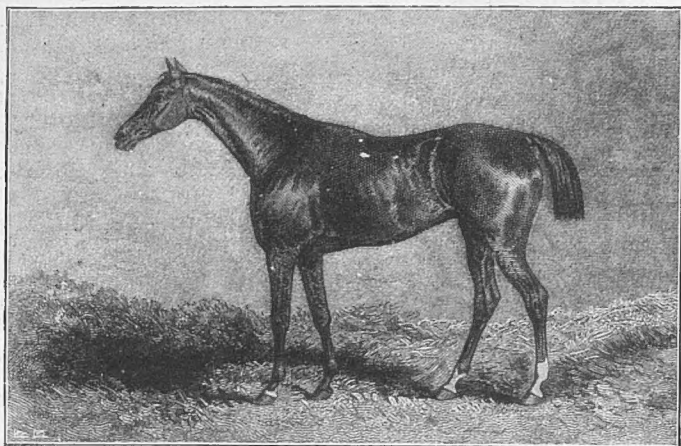
INFORMATION as to Fares, Routes, and Hotels will be supplied by JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager, Midland Great Western Railway, Broadstone Station, Dublin.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, it is expected, will reach Windsor to-night. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived on Wednesday morning at Sheerness on their return from Russia.

The Duke and Duchess of York went to see "Pagliacci" on Wednesday night.

I wonder whether the Duke of York, as he sweltered at Ascot last week, remembered the achievements of Maria, the chestnut filly which belonged to his predecessor, that Duke of York who was the son of



MARIA, A FAMOUS ASCOT WINNER.

George III. Maria was born in 1824 and purchased as a yearling by the Duke, on whose death, in 1827, she was bought by his brother, George IV., with whom she was a tremendous favourite. At Ascot Second Meeting in 1828 she won the Windsor Oatlands by five lengths, a remarkable feat, considering that she was thrown completely down at one part of the race.

One of the most interesting non-political speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone—and I can boast of having read every line of his reported utterances for many years—was that which he gave to the boys at Mill Hill School, perhaps fifteen years ago. Mr. Gladstone has just shown that his interest in that famous school, which was specially founded to educate the sons of Nonconformists, has not waned. The headmaster, Mr. J. D. McClure, has lately received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone, relative to the proposal to build a new college chapel—

DEAR SIR,—I hear with sincere pleasure of the effort now in progress to improve and enlarge Mill Hill School; and I would gladly send, though you do not ask it, a small contribution in testimony of my goodwill were it not that I have charged myself with the foundation of an institution in my own parish which requires all the resources which might have been otherwise at my command.

This characteristic epistle from the ex-Prime Minister ought to stimulate the flow of contributions towards the object in view. Already £3000, or thereabouts, has been promised for the fund by various former scholars of Mill Hill. But £4000 is needed to carry out the admirable designs of Mr. Basil Champneys. I notice that Sir W. H. Wills, Bart., Chairman of the Court of Governors, has given £500.

Apropos of the article on "Oak-trees" in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, an octogenarian correspondent reminds me of an oak-tree which was planted at the foot of Primrose Hill in 1864 to commemorate the tercentenary of Shakspeare's birth. He continues—

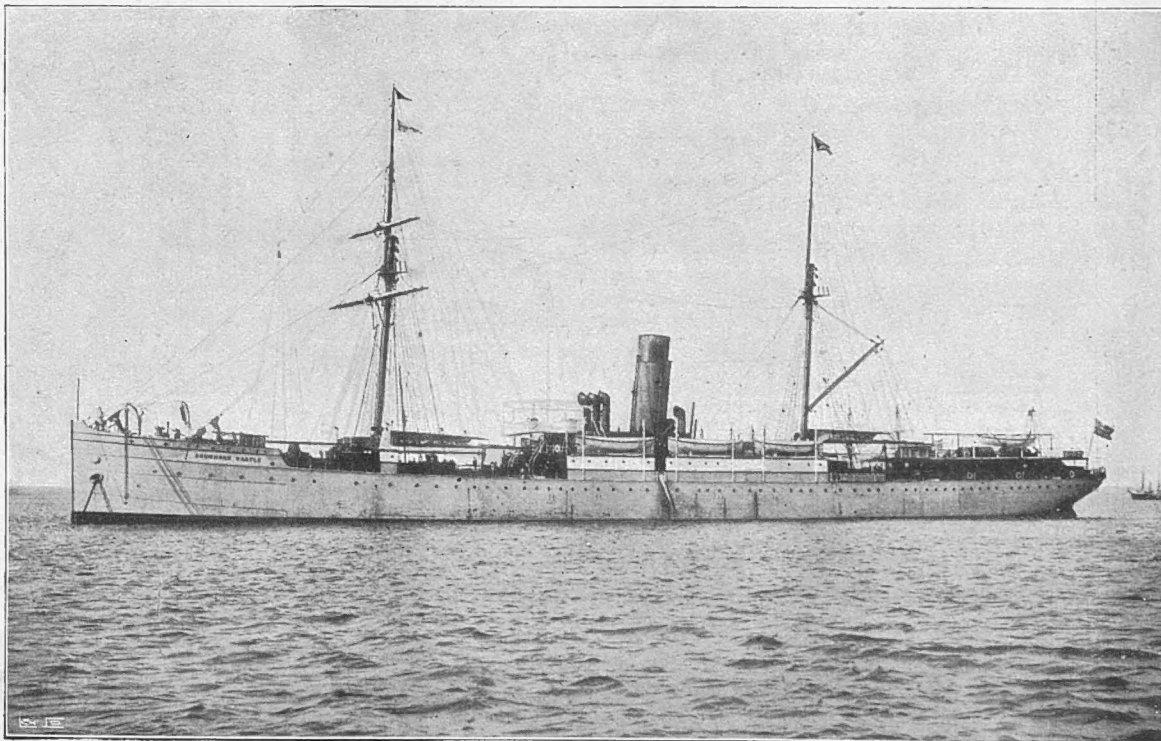
The planting came about in this way. Some enthusiastic admirers of Shakspeare held meetings at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. Marston-Phelps's lieutenant—was chairman, I think. It was resolved to apply for permission to plant an oak at the foot of Primrose Hill; that obtained, Eliza Cook was requested to plant the tree. Ill-health, however, prevented her from performing that ceremony, but she wrote some verses, which were recited, and Mr. Phelps and Mr. Marston made a speech, and the tree was planted. I have visited Primrose Hill several times lately, and the tree has grown considerably. It is protected by an iron fence. To cover the expenses, a large ring-fence was made, and a fee of one shilling was

charged for admission. I was one of the gate-keepers, and took upwards of ten pounds. There is nothing to indicate why this particular tree is protected by an iron fence, but I think that the time has arrived when a notice should be put up stating when it was planted and in memory of Shakspeare.

A very foolish young man writes to me from the Bank of England and complains of the illustrations to the "Song of Solomon" which have appeared from time to time in these pages. I would advise that young man to devote a little attention to modern criticism of the Bible; he will then be able to understand the place which all Biblical scholars are now ready to assign to the "Song of Songs." Let him know then, first, that they agree that it was written after the exile to Babylon; therefore, that Solomon did not compose it; next, that it is not an allegory, as the misleading headings to the chapters imply; not even a sacred book at all, except in so far as the immortal theme of which it treats is sacred. It is a love-drama exquisitely set, and tells how a beautiful Shulamite rustic maiden was brought to his palace by the King, who vainly sought to make her forget the simple shepherd she loved; and how, in the end, she was allowed to return to her native hills and wed the country swain.

Private concerts at which guests are decorously seated and whispering is at a discount supersede the afternoon party of common custom among smart folks this season. Mrs. Maitland Shaw's entertainment yesterday afternoon was a successful experiment of the first-named function. Signor de Massimi, of St. Petersburg Royal Opera, gave "Non-e-ver" and Verdi's "Rigoletto" with finish and effect. A Russian artist, Miss Sandra de Mohl, sang her native Folk-songs with a Slavonic fervour and Parisian finish. Miss Therese Siewright made excellent effect in the weird "Chanson au Tigre" of Massé. The Misses Crosse were respectively heard in violin and vocal solos, and the Misses Rumsey performed several trios for piano, 'cello, and violin in a very finished manner. Dividing Parts I. and II., "A Flying Visit" was admirably acted in the garden by Miss Eily Desmond, from Terry's Theatre, Miss Constance Bell, and Mr. Roland Atwood, from the Garrick—than which a more agreeable interlude could hardly have been arranged.

The disaster to the *Drummond Castle* has come as a terrible shock at this season of gaiety. It is all the more sad in view of the fact that it is the first occasion on which a life has been lost through any accident to these steamers. The disaster is brought into touch with the nation's affairs in a way almost unique by the fact that among the passengers were several of the Reform prisoners who were some of the first batch of Krüger's captives to be released. Every confidence was placed by the company in the captain, who had been thirty-three years in the service, and was a first-rate man. The fatal reef on which the vessel struck is well known and dreaded by mariners. It is about four miles to the south-east of the southern extremity of Ushant, and some three miles south-west of Dalamet Island. The rocks are partially exposed at low tide. It is supposed that the *Drummond Castle* had gone out of her course, and that her officers were prevented by hazy weather from picking up the Ushant light. There is no reason to believe that Captain Pierce was taking his ship between the island and the mainland. The channel is possible in fair weather, and with the advantage of reasonable light, but it is at the best of times a perilous operation. The passage is prohibited by the regulations of the Board of Trade. Nevertheless, shipmasters do make the attempt, especially when overdue or desirous of completing a rapid passage.



THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

The disaster, of course, has completely blotted out for the moment the interest in any national crisis. The situation at Bulawayo has, at any rate, no new feature of interest. Petty skirmishes are reported, but that is about all, so that Mr. Melton Prior, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, has had time to send me the accompanying drawing, which I have had reproduced in facsimile.

People who suppose that royalty have only lately taken to cycling are greatly mistaken. In the year 1858 Mr. W. Sawyer, a cycle manufacturer living in Dover, was patronised by the Prince of Wales, "who inquired minutely as to the capacity and price of his velocipedes." So much overcome was Mr. W. Sawyer by this mark of regal attention that "after his Royal Highness's departure he determined to make a handsome carriage, with all the latest improvements, and present it for the acceptance of his Royal Highness." Subsequently the velocipede is described as "a beautiful structure, capable of going at the rate of eight miles an hour." We are not told who was pacemaker to the Prince, or whether or not the eight miles an hour were ever accomplished on this "beautiful structure."

Soon after writing my paragraph lately about Dr. Westland Marston, I chanced to pick up on a bookstall a copy of the first edition of "The Patrician's Daughter," his fine tragedy, produced by Macready at the Haymarket early in the 'forties, with Helen Faucit in the title-part of Lady Mabel Lynterne. My copy has the dedication to Macready, dated October 1841, and there is much to interest one in the preface, wherewith the then young dramatist explained his "desire to write a tragedy entirely indebted for its incident and passion to the habits and spirit of the age." I suppose some of our instructors in dramatic matters would "guy" "The Patrician's Daughter" if it were revived in the West-End nowadays; but yet there is some good characterisation in it, while the blank verse is scholarly and thoughtful. Turning over the leaves, I came to Mordaunt's fine soliloquy on "Love" at the opening of Act III., a passage that is well written, if, to modern ears, a trifle old-fashioned.

A very smart audience assembled the other Sunday evening at the New Lyric Club, the lovely summer weather notwithstanding. Among the entertainers were Mr. Frank Celli, who warbled powerfully and effectively "The Burglar's Serenade," and Mr. Walter Freear, whose eccentricities as a charwoman were highly diverting. What may be considered, I suppose, as the *pièce de résistance* of the evening was an operetta called "My Friend Gomez," which has recently made a hit at

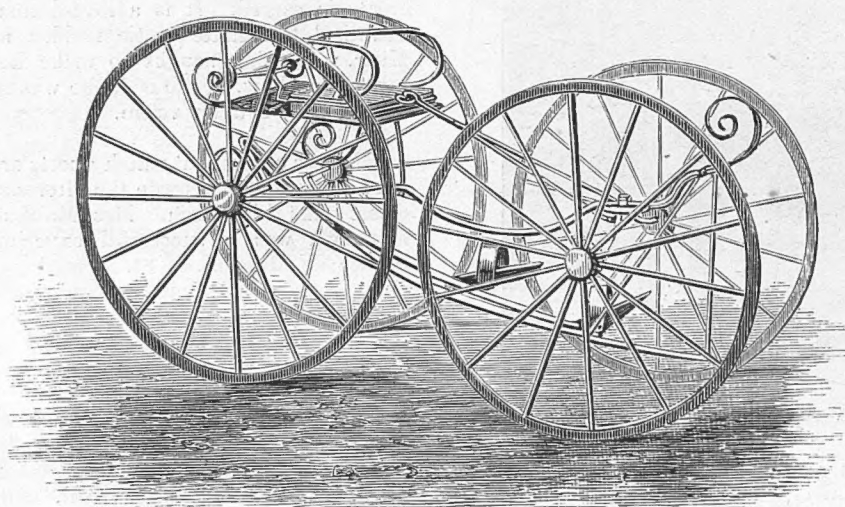
Brighton. This trifle, though somewhat feeble in the matter of libretto, can be thoroughly praised for its skilful and expressive musical accompaniment. The composer, Mr. Frank Stanley Smith, appeared to advantage as an amorous Spaniard, while the part of the coquettish Senorita, who parodies Longfellow's heroine by saying in up-to-date language the well-known "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" of the fair Priscilla, was admirably impersonated by Miss Maisie Turner, whose singing, dancing, and acting are highly to be commended.

Next Tuesday, at the Criterion Theatre, at the benefit of Mr. Bond Andrews, the present generation of playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing an actress who was popular in the days of my youth. In the 'sixties one of my earliest histrionic treats was the Lady Teazle of Miss Amy Sedgwick, an artist who had earned a brilliant reputation as a comedy actress some years before. Miss Sedgwick's Julia ("The Hunchback") and Constance ("The Love Chase") were two of her most successful impersonations, and I have often heard older stagers than myself declare her incomparable in "The Unequal Match." As Constance the artist reappeared in 1877 at the Haymarket, after several years' retirement, and, as far as I can remember, she has not been seen on the London stage since that date. Miss Sedgwick will receive a warm welcome from old admirers next week.

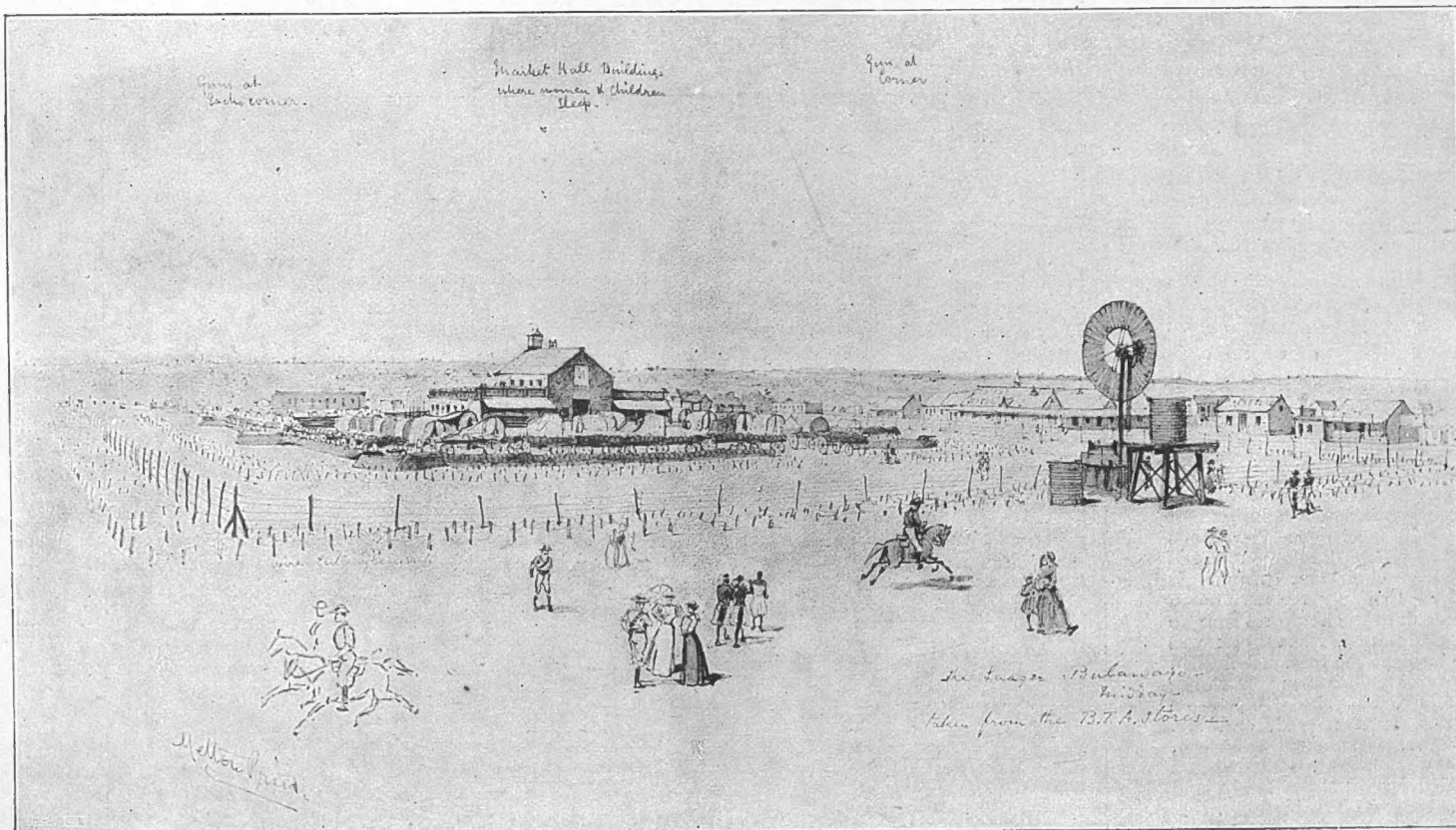
I sympathise with Mr. Fred Horner, who suggests that the failure of "The Sunbury Scandal" is partly due to a

curious lapse of memory on the stage at the first performance. The actors inadvertently skipped a page or two of the dialogue, plunging the audience into bewilderment. I have known plays survive even more startling accidents. An admirable actor, now no more, had to end an impressive scene with the words, "Am I mad or dreaming? Would I were!" What he actually said was, "Am I mad or drunk? Would I were!" Yet that play is still popular.

Miss Kate Shields is a rapidly rising soprano vocalist, whose talent is greatly appreciated in the North of England. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and took a gold medal there, then started to make a name for herself in the provinces. A few weeks ago she came to town, and sang to one of the best judges in England—Mr. August Manns. He gave her an engagement to sing at one of the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which she acquitted herself to his entire satisfaction. Miss Shields is talented, pretty, and has only placed twenty-three summers to her life's account, so we may expect good work from her upon the concert platform.

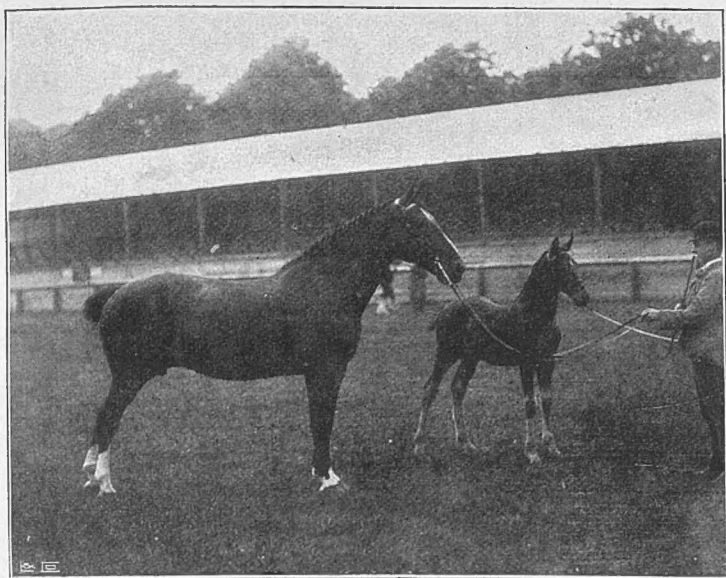


VELOCIPEDE PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE LAAGER AT BULAWAYO.

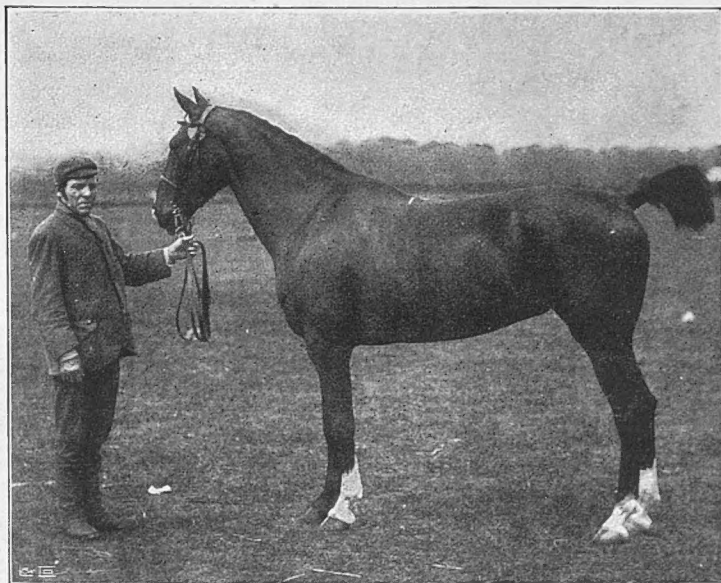
Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior.



SIR WALTER GILBEY'S HACKNEY, ROSALIND.

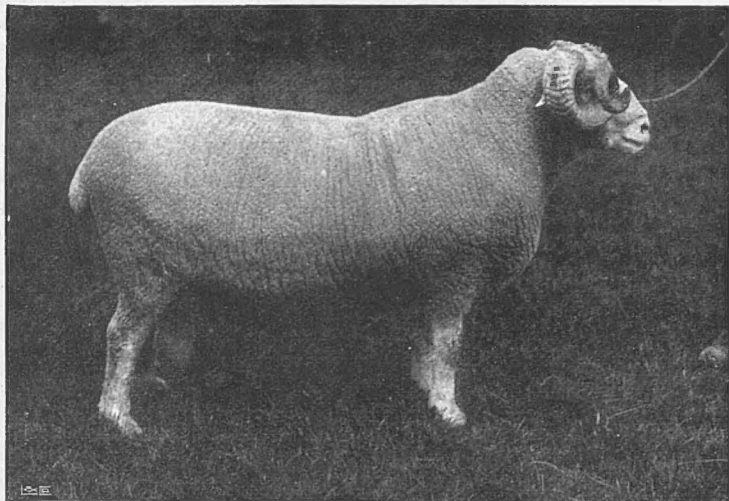
Here are some of the animals that are being exhibited this week at Leicester. At the time of going to press I do not know what luck they have had there, but at the recent big shows they have swept off a lot of prizes.

The young Earl of Uxbridge, who came of age last week—the only son of the Marquis of Anglesey, and heir to the honours of the Paget



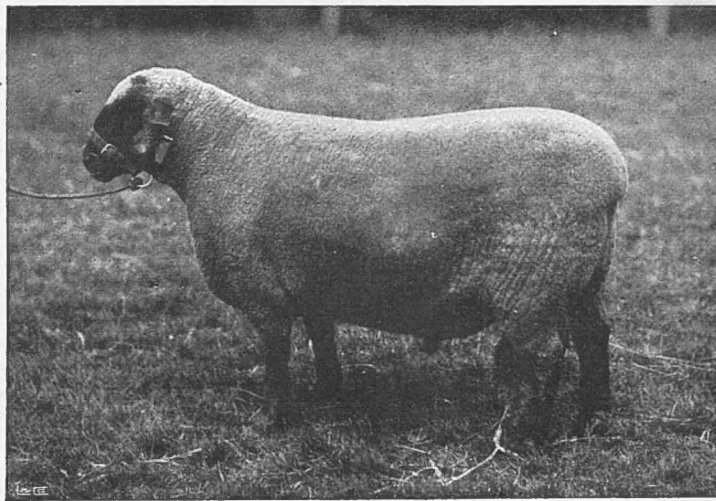
MR. F. G. HAINES' HACK, HOLTBY.

John Vardy, occupies the site of a far older London mansion—Queensberry House, to wit—which was built by Leoni, in 1726, for that Duke and Duchess of Queensberry who so cordially befriended the author of "The Beggar's Opera." The popular Waterloo veteran reigned at Uxbridge House till 1854, when he passed away at the advanced age of eighty-six. Subsequently the freehold was purchased by the Bank of England, and, after but comparatively slight alterations, it was opened as the



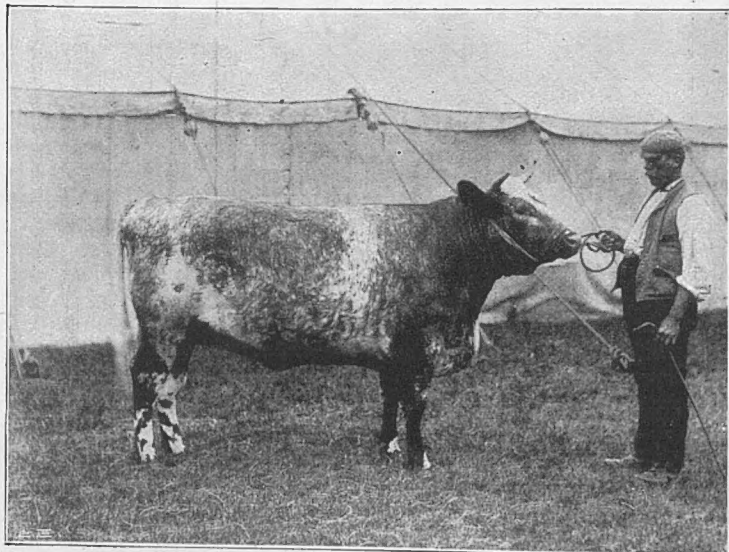
MR. HERBERT FARTHING'S DORSET HORNED RAM.

family, whose founder, Sir William Paget, won the friendship and favour of bluff King Hal—is the great-great-grandson of the first Marquis, the dashing soldier of the Peninsula, who commanded the Cavalry Brigade at Waterloo, where he lost his right leg, and who lived for many years at Uxbridge House, which still stands, almost unaltered externally, in Burlington Gardens. Uxbridge House, which was built just over a century ago, after the designs of a well-known architect,

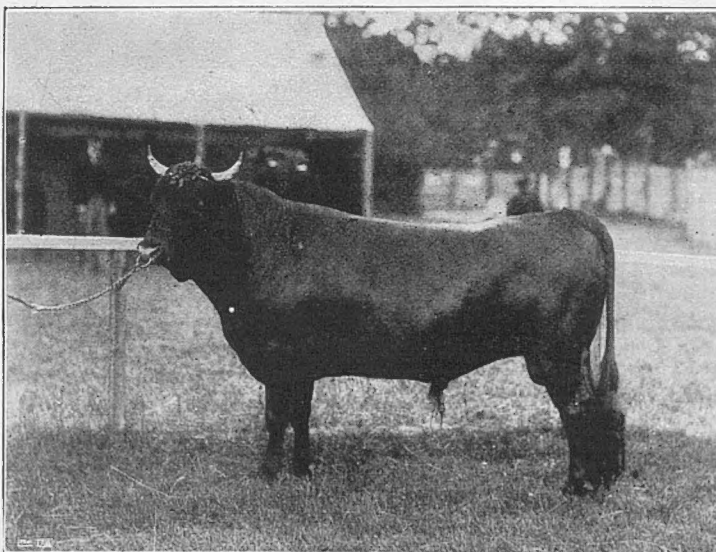


MR. ALFRED DE MORNAY'S HAMPSHIRE DOWN SHEARLING RAM.

Western Branch of that great commercial institution. In 1876, more space being required for a rapidly increasing business, a portion of the first floor was utilised to heighten the official portion of the premises, and the stable-yard, with its entrance in Savile Row, was occupied with an annexe to the original structure. The first Marquis would perhaps hardly recognise the ground floor of his old house, but upstairs he would find many of the stately rooms retaining their main decorative features.



MR. DEANE WILLIS'S CHAMPION HEIFER, CACTUS.



MR. ROBERT WILLIAM STENT'S KERRY BULL, GAY LAD.

Talking of banks and banking, I saw in the *Westminster Gazette* the other evening a long letter in which a certain "Paterfamilias" unpacked his heart on the subject of "Sweating" in London banks. Like a Member of Parliament, I felt inclined to exclaim "Name!" when I read of the slavery which the son of the writer has to endure in a "well-known London bank." This poor young man has to "work for weeks together till seven, eight, or nine o'clock, sometimes till ten, eleven, or even till midnight," and "the ordinary daily work of the junior clerks is so prolonged and so excessive that they leave the bank utterly worn out, and only able to drag themselves home, swallow a hasty supper, and tumble into bed." This is a terrible picture, but, with a tolerably extended knowledge of Metropolitan banks, I confess I am unable to place it. The clerks in most London banks, it seems to me, have, as a rule, a pretty easy time of it in the matter of hours. Even at a certain banking establishment in the City, which once was known to the community of bank clerks as the "Slaughter-house," the ordinary daily work was nothing like as bad as this, and even at that place of unenviable renown things are far better than they were some years ago. Can the over-worked son of "Paterfamilias" be like a certain young friend of mine, I wonder, who was in the habit of coming home at all hours, except those of the early afternoon and evening, thoroughly worn out and exhausted, and who always accounted for his lateness by the office-work? At length one day his people remonstrated with his employers, and the bubble burst. That young man retired from business, and is now, I hear, flourishing in America in the dramatic profession, which suits him better than an office-stool.

It is a fine thing to be *le gagnant du Grand Prix*, and this luck has now fallen five times to M. Edmond Blanc. The owner of Arreau was the only son of the famous M. Blanc who, after making a fortune out of a German gambling concession, tripled and quadrupled it at Monte Carlo. Although the great gaming establishment is nominally owned by a company, M. Edmond Blanc, his sister, Princess Rasinil, and his brother-in-law, Prince Roland Bonaparte, practically own between them the lion's share and derive their vast revenues from Monaco. Edmond Blanc seemed at one time intent on going the pace that kills; but he stopped short, and so escaped the fate reserved for another young millionaire, Lebaudy. Throwing himself heart and soul into horse-breeding, he established three large stud-farms, and there is little doubt that he deserves well of French "sportsmen," for to him is owing much of the marked improvement seen of late years in French-bred racehorses and hunters. His own favourite haras is situated close to Paris, in the lovely belt of country lying between Saint Germain and Saint Cloud. There, in a

quiet little village, M. Blanc spends much of his leisure, personally superintending the arrangements of his trainer. He is occasionally seen at the Derby, Ascot, and Goodwood; but he comes to England rather on business than on pleasure bent.

Miss Maud Gonne is an excellent example of the truth—

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

As there is no Unionist so fervent as an ex-Nationalist, so Nationalism grows best out of the decay of rank Orangeism. Miss Gonne has been allotted by fortune the three essentials for the production of an

enthusiastic Protestant Nationalist: to think for yourself, to feel for others, and to breathe the atmosphere of the "Castle." Before the death, about eight years since, of her father, Colonel Gonne, she was the reigning beauty of the Vice-regal Court, and the effect of the extreme narrowness and bitterness of that anti-Irish coterie upon so thoughtful and generous a girl was to drive her headlong into the opposite camp. As she deserted at a moment when party rancour was at its bitterest, all her singular advantages of person and fortune and of social and intellectual powers could not save her from a rigid boycott by her own class. Having given up Pharaoh and his Court to cast in her lot with her own people, she has since devoted every thought and moment of her life to one attempt after another to lead them out of Egypt. At first she trusted in the union-of-hearts idea, and began her political life by devoting all her eloquence and energy to secure the triumph at English elections of the Liberal Party. Having now, however, lost all hope of winning anything from England by a political alliance, she has thrown herself boldly, and with undiscouraged

enthusiasm, into more extreme movements. She is the very life and soul of the amnesty campaign, and has shown a singular grasp of details in her conduct of it, while she has but just returned from the West of Ireland, where she has been initiating a movement to celebrate the landing there of the French under General Humbert. Nor has she confined her crusade to the Three Kingdoms. She has addressed meetings in France and Belgium, and her last lecturing tour in France was most successful.

It is time that the Thames Conservancy took steps to prevent the often recurring block to the steamboat traffic at Kew Bridge occasioned by the *Cardinal Wolsey* grounding in the fairway under the bridge. It does not, one would think, require a profound knowledge of applied mathematics to ascertain the relation between the draught of that vessel and the depth of the channel.



MISS MAUD GONNE.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

The bride of the moment, Lady Maud Dundas, who is to be married at St. Paul's to-day to Viscount Milton, is following the tradition of her family in making an early marriage, for she will not be nineteen till next month. Her bridegroom is still on the right side of his twenty-fourth birthday, and can boast of being the youngest of our M.P.'s. Like her mother, the Countess of Zetland, Lady Maud is devoted to sport, and is noted in Yorkshire for her "straight" riding. Since the marriage of Lady Hilda Dundas to Lord Southampton, Lady Maud has constantly assisted her parents, both at Ashe Hall and in Arlington Street, to entertain the rank and file of the Conservative Party. It is interesting to note that there is an ancient connection between the Zetland and Fitzwilliam families. Sir Thomas Dundas, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1781 and was raised to the peerage in 1794, married, in 1764, Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, second daughter of the third Earl Fitzwilliam. There have also been three other inter-marriages.

The marriage will be the fourth wedding which has been celebrated at St. Paul's during the century. Lord Zetland will give his daughter away. The bride's gown will be of white satin, with a diaphanous train, embroidered in clusters of lily-of-the-valley and silver true-lovers' knots, and a silver-edged veil and a pearl necklace will be worn. The train will be held by two pages in Louis XVI. costumes, and there will be twelve bridesmaids. They will be picturesquely dressed in yellow satin Louis XVI. gowns, with white muslin and lace fichus tied at the back, and large picture-hats to match, with drooping white ostrich plumes. The honeymoon is to be spent at Sandbeck Park, lent by the bride's uncle, Lord Scarborough.

I have just heard some curious tales concerning the eccentricities of an English actress lately touring in America, a couple of which are worth telling. One relates to the death in the States of a popular, valuable actor, not a member of the company of the actress in question. Indeed, the actress, whom I will venture to call—French fashion—Miss Three Stars—had never met him. When Miss Three Stars heard of his illness, she rushed off to his bedside, and insisted upon nursing him for a time, and this sounds very pretty and charitable. But she brought with her, or sent for, a photographer, and had photographs taken of her by the bed of the dying man, and these photographs in due course, or rather, undue course, were published in the papers! The next has a comical touch of audacity. On a night when Miss Three Stars was acting in a play adapted from a piece by a famous French dramatist, the news came of

the Frenchman's death. The actress paid no particular attention to this till the end of the play, when the curtain was raised and she rushed on, with hair dishevelled, crying, "He is dead, he is dead!" "Quite right, too!" interrupted an impatient playgoer. "He is dead, the master is dead!" she continued. "Let us pray," and she flopped down on her knees and began to pray. I do not know whether "the band played."

A signal proof of the advance of civilisation is the receipt of an order from a bookseller in South Africa for three etiquette-books. They are

required, says the bookseller to the London publishers, for the use of "a Kaffir as black as the ace of spades." One can just manage to wonder, in this broiling heat, what strange ideas will chase one another through the Kaffir's brain as he ponders over "the duties of a hostess," or reads, "It is customary to write P.P.C. on visiting-cards when paying a farewell call." In fact, our poor friend has only entered on a long period of distress when he begins to follow out "the rules of the game" with conscientiousness. One shudders to think how he will stagger before the social commands as to calls, cards, and courtesies. It will probably require a solemn conclave of Kaffirs to settle the necessary etiquette after the funeral of a native who has met a sudden death in a quarrel, or whether smoking should be permitted before or after dessert. We can only hope for the best, but it is a sad prospect for the Kaffir who tries to thread the intricacies of English etiquette as detailed in those volumes so cherished in the suburbs.

In the account of "*Judy at Home*" it was stated that *Judy* is the oldest weekly comic in London after *Punch*. As a matter of fact, however, *Fun*, appearing on Sept. 21, 1861, anticipated *Judy* by nearly six years.

Mr. Frangon-Davies, the well-known Welsh singer, has just returned from his first tour in the United States. He has created so much interest that he has been engaged to return to America next November, when he will sing before the Apollo Club in Chicago and other important musical institutions.

Tourists to Scotland will be glad to hear that in future, if they go on the Midland Railway to Glasgow, *via* North British or Glasgow and South-Western Railways, they may travel at option on the return journey either by the North British Waverley route *via* Edinburgh or from Glasgow (St. Enoch) by the Glasgow and South-Western route *via* Dumfries and Annan.



LADY MAUD DUNDAS.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Dr. Carl Auer, the inventor of the incandescent gas-lighting, met with a due appreciation of his services on Friday, when he was entertained at dinner in the Savoy Hotel by the companies which have been formed to manufacture this wonderful light in this country, America,

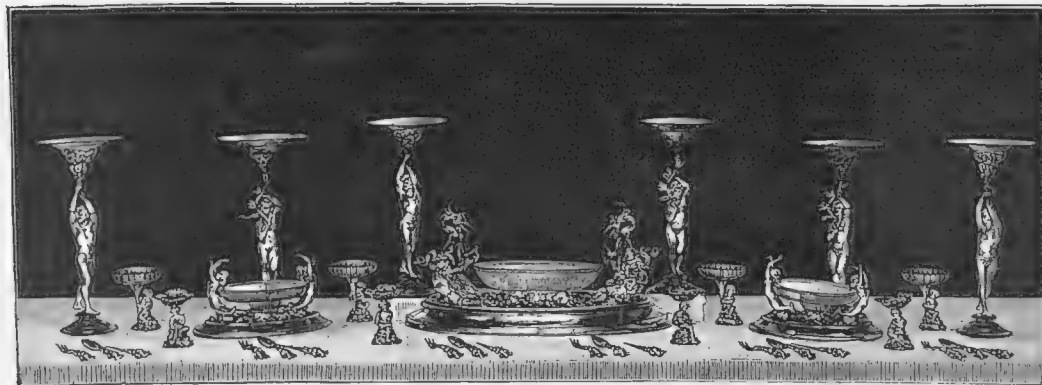


PLATE PRESENTED TO DR. AUER.

Canada, Australia, France, Germany, Holland, and Italy. A service of plate by Vechete was also presented to him, and its handsome character will be noted from the accompanying illustration.

There is a gentleman named Duncan who earns a living and reputation by exhibiting his trained collie dogs on the music-hall stage. So skilled a trainer is he that he has conferred upon himself the honorary degree of "Professor." Some couple of months ago an article appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* exposing the horrible treatment that many dogs undergo at the hands of their trainers. Apparently, almost without exception, the foreign trainers of performing animals are fiends in human form, while English trainers are comparatively humane. Now when Mr. "Professor" Duncan was told that such an article had been written, he did not wait to read it, but wrote indignantly, yet humorously withal, to the editor. He said that Mr. Bensusan was a victim to *caceothes (sic) scribendi*, and asked that the letter should be published. Out of kindness to Mr. "Professor" Duncan, his fine combination of literature and logic was not published, but a challenge contained in it was accepted. The "Professor" undertook to teach any dog less than a year old at least one trick within an hour, without force, and in the presence of witnesses. Of course, this was beside the original question, for "Professor" Duncan's kindness does not affect the cruelty commented on, and he would not be expected to teach a dog such a trick as would win applause in a music-hall. But the "Professor" is reputed to be a really humane man, and, consequently, one to be encouraged.

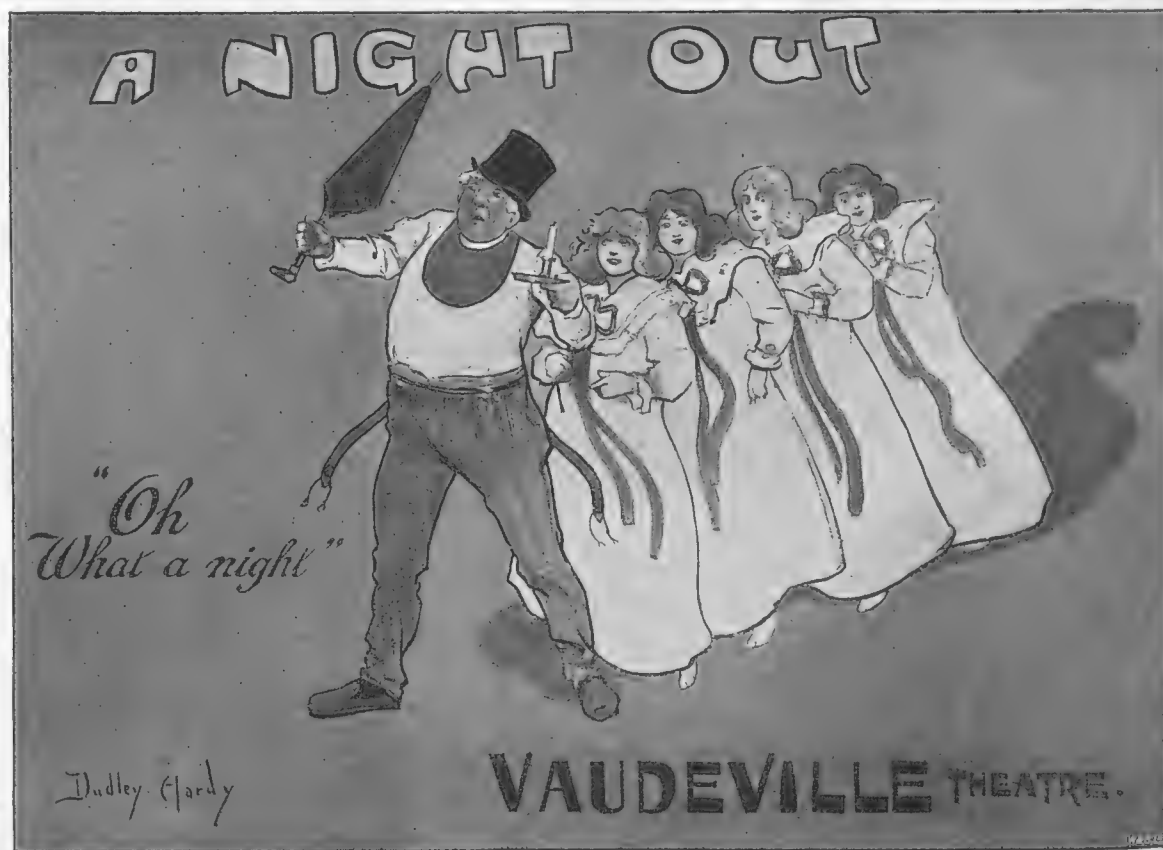
At the time when the worthy "Professor" had his own little touch of *caceothes scribendi* he was at Glasgow, but he promised to be in town from last week in May. When he came back a dog was procured, some dozen prominent journalists and one or two theatrical managers invited to form a committee, a photographer was deputed to attend, and the "Professor" acquainted with these facts by letter, and asked to fix Friday, May 29, for his exhibition. The letter was written in *The Sketch* office, addressed to the "Professor" at Gatti's Music-Hall, marked "Immediate," and posted in Fleet Street at two p.m. on the afternoon of Wednesday the 27th. *Mirabile dictu*—I gather that the "Professor" likes Latin—there was no reply. The dog and his owner came from a long way, and spent all the Friday in town; the hard-working journalists prepared to leave Fleet Street, but he who should have been the hero of the afternoon made no sign. One poor journalist, who shall be nameless, spent most of that day sending telegrams. Two or three days later the Professor turned up smiling, explained that he had not found time to visit Gatti's Music-Hall, and was waiting to show his prowess. Another day was fixed, and a letter sent to the Professor, asking him to accomplish his feat on the stage of some hall, as his kennels are too far away for busy men to reach comfortably. To this letter Mr. Professor has vouchsafed no reply. Now, as I have said,

the challenge was of no value, and would have proved nothing either way; but, having made it, even Mr. Duncan, "Professor" though he be, is bound by the same laws of courtesy as govern so low a creation, by comparison, as a journalist. If the challenge had been ignored, there would have been a long correspondence, and a good bit of abuse, in the columns of some theatrical paper.

Lady Burton had no sense of humour, but her will is one of the jokes of the time. Fancy the control of the publication of Burton's "Arabian Nights" being left to Mr. Coote and the National Vigilance Society! It is like appointing Mr. Hugh Price Hughes as manager of the Gaiety. If Mr. Coote is to act up to his principles, he must invite Mrs. Grundy to supply him with funds to buy up every copy of Burton's translation in the market, and make a bonfire. Perhaps a volume or two, however, will be kept at the offices of the National Vigilance Society for private reading.

The artistic poster has come to stay, although one may doubt whether the weird forms of eccentricity which have characterised it of late have any real vitality. The American, excelling in colour-lithography, has for years turned out the most striking posters to be seen, for the work of Cheret and Grasset, admirable as it is in conception, often seems to fall short in the mere matter of reproduction. The London lithographer, on the other hand, has been eager to adopt the latest improvements in his craft. For example, Messrs. Waterlow's reproduction of Mr. Dudley Hardy's poster of "A Night Out," at the Vaudeville, is a distinct advance on the posters of the play which were imported from America, and Mr. Hardy's design is infinitely more striking than anything that came across the water.

But America must not be credited with everything, not even with that clever poster-artist Mr. Louis J. Rhead, although most of his work has been done in the United States. Mr. Rhead was really born in Staffordshire. He comes of an artistic family, his father being an artist, while his brother is a well-known member of the English Society of Painter-Etchers. When only thirteen he was sent to Paris to study under Boulanger, and subsequently entered the schools at South Kensington. He next visited America, at the invitation of Messrs. Appleton, the publishers, and eventually settled there altogether. It was a visit to Paris and an acquaintanceship with Grasset which led him in the direction of the poster. Thus it is appropriate that he should have exhibited, as he did last week at St. Bride's Foundation Institute, a series of his remarkable posters, from which I am enabled to reproduce some of the specimens that struck me as being more or less striking. Of course, in black-and-white they lack their original value, for Mr. Rhead has a very keen eye for the colour that will strike the man in the street, and he has been aided and abetted by the lithographer to whom he has given his work. Such an exhibition cannot fail to have an effect on young artists.



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One of the most remarkable features of Mr. Rhead's work is its minuteness; but that, strange to say, does not detract from its effectiveness. Take, for example, the "Joan of Arc" poster, and note the elaborate background. In black-and-white it appears complicated; but, then, black-and-white was never intended to be the medium of representation.

Hitherto the fashion of considering a coffin as a suitable and pleasing ornament for the drawing-room has been confined to the Chinese. A Chinaman has always felt there is no good reason why he should not consult his own taste and fancy in the build and decoration of his residence in death just as much as in his residence in life, and, therefore, generally buys his own coffin, and keeps it by him till it is needed. Is this custom going to be adopted in Europe? Lately a curious, if somewhat



gruesome, auction was held in Brussels, when the whole stock of a first-class undertaker, who was retiring from business, was brought to the hammer. But the remarkable part was that among the purchasers were numbered not only members of the trade, but many private individuals. One of the latter, for instance, became the fortunate possessor of a very handsome coffin, feelingly described by the auctioneer as "exceedingly roomy, and comfortably lined with silk." Even such an elegant specimen as this, however, might be rather a "white elephant" in a small house.

It is a pity the Jockey Club do not remove their headquarters from Newmarket to the Metropolitan district. The Alexandra Palace and Park would be just the place. By the expenditure of a few thousands, a fairly good course could be made at the Wood Green enclosure, and race-meetings might well be held there, say, once a fortnight during the fine season. The Jockey Club would thus be in funds once more, and they could start a club on a leviathan scale.



Apropos of my recent paragraph on the Secretary of the Royal Naval Scripture-Readers' Society, Mr. Mount writes me that he never had the honour of being Naval Storekeeper at Malta, and there never was one at Gibraltar. He held that office, however, for five years in Bermuda. It is on behalf of the funds of the Society (with which he has been connected for some five-and-thirty years) that Mr. Mount delivers the lectures to which I alluded.

Referring to some of Mdlle. de la Ramée's latest *dicta*, the *World* suggests the founding of a Ouida Society—

If you're filled with delight when you read a
Good lady who calls herself Ouida,
You really should found
A school that were bound
To forward her views and her creed-a.

The hot weather, of course, has created a tremendous thirst in sweltering man. People have all sorts of ideas as to the best liquid to slake thirst. One of the best certainly is lime-fruit juice, which comes, as you know, from the island of Montserrat. If you wish to know all about this marvellous bin—for the island is nothing less—you will find it in the penny guide to the island issued by Messrs. Evans, of Liverpool.

Not a little of the success of the recent Cyclopa fête in aid of the funds of a national Ear and Eye Hospital for Ireland, was due to Mrs. Story, whose portrait I reproduce here. She presided at the stall of St. Mark's Hospital, where her husband, Dr. J. B. Story, is surgeon. In her nurse's cap and dark-blue alpaca costume she looked very smart.

Mdlle. Anna Held, the charming chanteuse Parisienne who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, has been engaged exclusively for a short season by Mr. Charles Morton. She is a great favourite in Paris, and is engaged by M. Marchand to appear at La Scala for the Exhibition of 1900. She has performed in all the great Continental cities. The present, however, is her first visit to England.

The mention of this lady leads me to note the special number of the *Figaro Illustré* for June, which deals with the café-concerts of Paris.



MRS. STORY.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Where Bohemia is, there also are found singing-booths, and this is specially true of French Bohemia. But soon the little colony of artists who took refuge some years ago on the steep sides of the Martyrs' Mount will see themselves compelled to once more move their household gods. The strange chasm that lingers in this world-forgotten quarter

of old Lutetia has been discovered by the Philistines, both French and American. The rent of modest studios and leafy *bouts de jardin* is rising; the very cafés now cater to *chic* audiences; and all this is perhaps in a manner owing to the now vanished Chat Noir.

Already de Salis and the strange methods by which he attained fame are forgotten. He had a passion for medical art, and possessed



MDLLE. ANNA HELD.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

that sense of incongruity which is said to be the soul of wit. No admittance was gained to the Black Cat unless the visitor was willing to be addressed by a certain fantastic title invented on the spur of the moment by le Seigneur Salis. Every evening, or rather, when it was the Seigneur's good pleasure, a *fin-de-siècle* audience, sitting on thirteenth-century chairs, would listen to the sombre Bruant, the daring Mac-Nab, or Cros. There also Caran d'Ache and his weird shadow-pictures became the talk of the town. Princely feet made their way up the steep, ill-paved streets which lead to the Rue de Laval. For once *Higly* fraternised with the world of painters and players. Guy de Maupassant spent many of his last evenings, before those of the mad-house, at the Chat Noir. Willette designed the stained-glass windows, Grasset the admirable ironwork scrolls and lanterns decorating the front of the café.

The establishment rejoicing in the somewhat pompous name of "Conservatoire de Montmartre" still survives, and there may be heard even yet many of the old-world songs exhumed from manuscript music-books of a past age by le Seigneur Salis. Though lacking in the distinctive charm of the Chat Noir, the Conservatoire is worth a visit, if only because it claims to be an absolute reproduction of the legendary Abbey of Montmartre, built when St. Louis was King. The "Carillon" and "Tabarin" are even more recent foundations, the former café, situated in the Cité Milton—Montmartre boasts of many quaintly named streets and quarters—occupying a fine old house, full of the faded glory of a bygone day. "Tabarin," Rue Pigalle, can scarcely claim to be of Montmartre. A clexer little troupe, consisting of two actors and an actress, there perform musical sketches written specially for them, and generally dealing with the mode or passing fad of the moment. Occasionally Fursy, one of the best if least cosmopolitan of Parisian comic singers, takes a "turn." "Les Tréteaux de Tabarin," to give the café its full title, is curious as reflecting certain phases of society. Most of the café-concerts frankly appeal to an unpretentious but critical audience. "Tabarin" affects a better-dressed and perhaps a more indulgent public. As a rule, the French singer writes, or causes to be written for him by some poor "ghost," the songs he hopes to make famous. De Salis encouraged the budding poets who honoured the Chat Noir to recite their verses; he also provoked a return to old national folk-lore ditties, and, if for this only, the Chat Noir deserved well of patrons. A typical Montmartre group is shown on the opposite page.



AT MONTMARTRE.

"Das Weib vor, hinter, und auf dem Rade." That is the legend underneath one of the most striking illustrations of the advance of woman which I have seen. It appears in my clever Munich contemporary,



Jugend, and I couldn't resist the impulse to reproduce here, telling the story in my own way—

Ere woman took to writing books
She followed man's direction;
She didn't think of gowns and looks,
Nor talk of "sex subjection."
But that, you know, was long ago,
When man was forced to till and sow,
And woman, trampled under heel,
Toiled on *before* the ploughing wheel.

One day she rose and left the soil,
And bade her tyrant tend it;
And yet she didn't cease to toil,
Nor, as for money, spend it.
She sat her down and deftly span
A covering for her husband-man,
She loved the simple rock and reel,
And worked *behind* her spinning wheel.

But times, alack! have changed since then,
For now 'tis hard to settle,
Which men are maids, which maids are men;
The rose appears a nettle.
For women kicked at reels and rocks,
And calmly stole man's knickerbocks.
And naught can quench their mannish zeal—
They've mounted *on* the whirling wheel.

And yet, I wonder what will be
The course of evolution?
Perhaps the Amazonic She
Will change the Constitution;
Or Fortune's wheel may lower the proud,
And she who one day calmly ploughed,
Then came to mount the tyre and steel,
May fall *neath* Fortune's fickle wheel.

Who knows? Why shouldn't the other preposition get a chance and alter the proposition once more, as it has done in the past?

I have made what I may truly term a literary "find." There came into my hands, the other day, a copy of Gaetano Polidori's translation of the work on the Catholic Spirit of Dante, by Charles Lyell the second, well known himself as a botanist and student of Dante, and father of the famous geologist Sir Charles Lyell. Loose in the volume, I discovered, written on a small sheet of notepaper, an autograph letter

from the geologist to Samuel Rogers. This I think interesting enough to transcribe verbatim. It runs—

To S. ROGERS, Esq.
My dear Sir,—May I beg the favour of your accepting a copy of Polidori's translation, which my father desired me to present to you, and which, he says, "you may value for the *terze rime* of the translator, which have extraordinary playfulness and facility for one in his 81st year"?—Believe me, my dear Sir,
Ever most truly yours,
CHAS. LYELL.
16, Hart Street.
23rd July, 1845.

Gaetano Polidori, named after a character in one of Boccaccio's poems, as he himself says in the epigraph to the Epistle in *terze rime* that follows the above-mentioned translation, was, of course, father of the unhappy John William Polidori, at one time medical attendant to Lord Byron; father-in-law to Gabriele Rossetti, and, hence, maternal grandfather of Dante Gabriel, Christina, and William Michael Rossetti. Originally secretary to Alfieri, he settled down in London as teacher of Italian, wrote educational works, and, among other things, translated Milton and Lucan into Italian.

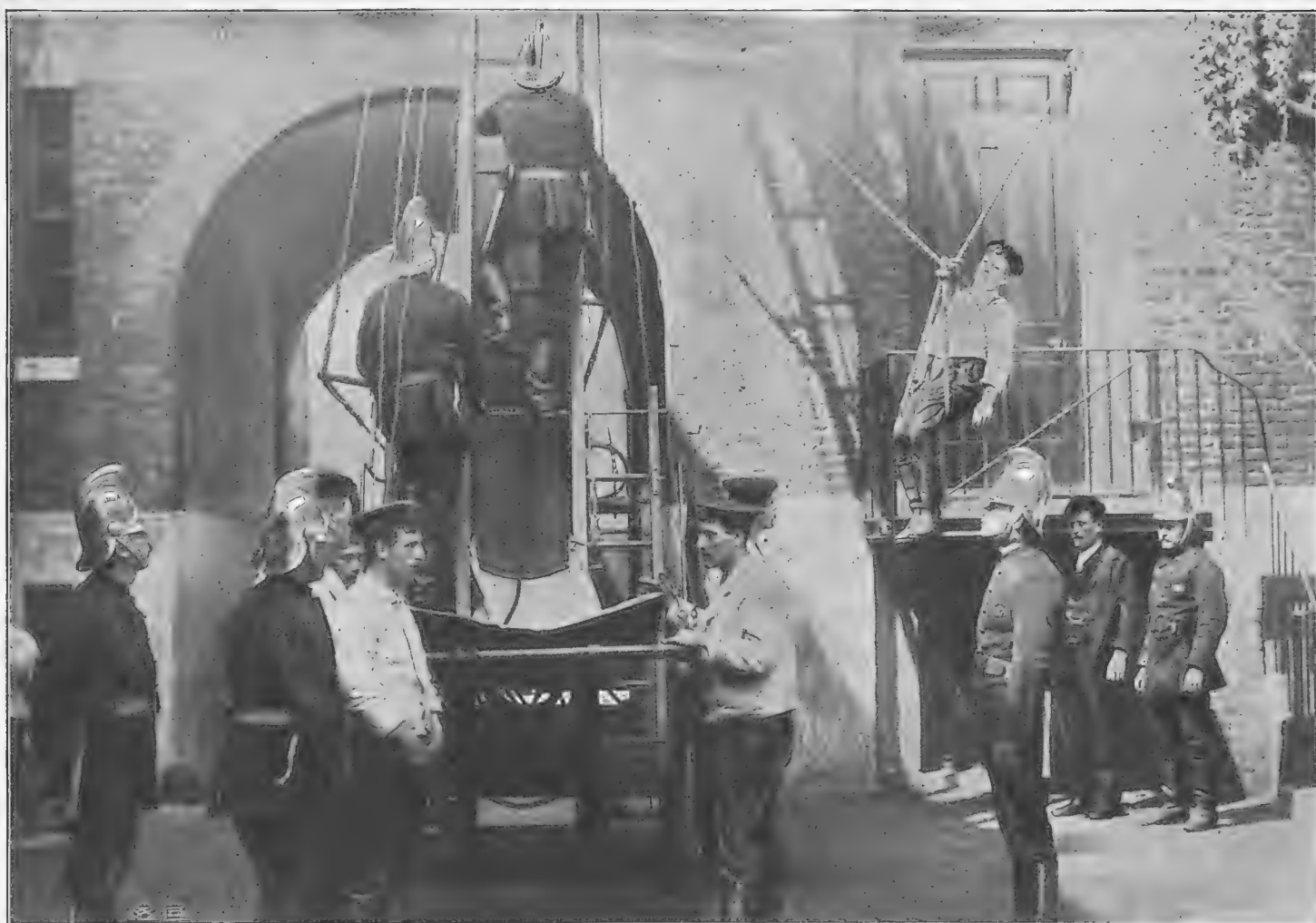
A few further particulars about the Lyell family. The Dante scholar (1767-1849) was eldest son of another Charles Lyell, whose name was indeed perpetuated by the great geologist (1797-1875) whose letter to Rogers I now publish. His son, Mr. Leonard Lyell, has been for some years M.P. for the Orkneys and Shetlands.

FIRE!

Busiest of busy men in an era when all men are busy, Captain Tom Dyson, Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Fire Brigades Tournament (writes a correspondent of *The Sketch*), let me take up half an hour of his time with his usual courtesy, when I told him that readers of *The Sketch* would like to know something of the personality and the views of an amateur fireman whose name is known all over Europe as one of the most zealous and indefatigable of all champions of what he aptly calls "the civil protective forces." Captain Dyson, who is a fine fellow in every sense of the word—he stands six feet one in his stockings—has been an active volunteer fireman for three-and-twenty out of his four-and-forty years of life, and what he does not know about the subject is scarcely worth the trouble of learning. It was he who pioneered the Continental tour of a number of English volunteer firemen a year or two ago, so that no one could be more fit to welcome the visitors from Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, Teplitz, Paris, Lyons, Havre, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Liège, Florence, Milan, Rome, Naples, Oporto, Barcelona, and Copenhagen, who are at the present time among us, with the triple object of illustrating the methods of saving life and property from fire, raising funds to benefit the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade and the National Fire Brigades Union, and visiting various places of interest in this country, and so judiciously killing the two birds of business and pleasure with one stone.

Captain Dyson is nothing if not practical. He is no *dilettante* at the work to which he has devoted all the leisure hours of a busy, useful life, and one of his strongest recommendations to those who take up the work is to discard the name "Volunteer." He is captain of the fire brigade of the town in which he has resided from childhood—Windsor—and of which his father has twice been Mayor, and he has had the honour of being presented to the Queen in connection with a review which he organised before her Majesty. He believes that the public interest will be desirably stimulated by the Tournament now in progress at the Agricultural Hall, and the displays at Richmond, Birmingham, Oxford, &c., and that the sight of the various brigades at drill will enable the public to appreciate keenly the pluck and skill which are necessary to make a satisfactory fireman. Captain Dyson holds very strong opinions upon the duty and the liability of fire insurance companies to pay reasonable charges to local brigades for attending fires, and some time ago he delivered an address on the subject, in which he showed that, years ago, the insurance companies actually undertook the duty of quenching fire; that in 1704 the insurance of household goods and trading stock was undertaken by a company who kept a number of competent watermen to attend fires and to help remove goods to a place of safety until danger was over; and that in 1791 the Royal Exchange, Sun, and Phoenix Fire Insurance Companies established a *Fire Watch* at their own expense, having, in 1794, ten fire-stations in London. Mr. Dyson lays stress upon the fact that the Colonies are represented among our visitors, as he is a great believer in strengthening in every way the ties between the Mother Country and her children oversea. Canada and America, he tells me, have sent about forty officers and men, with engines, fire-escapes, and horses. France, Belgium, and Portugal have sent about ninety, with engines and equipment complete. He is naturally much interested in Continental fire brigades, as, at a banquet given to the representatives of the British Fire Service in Paris, he was seated between the President of the French Republic and the Prefect of the Seine, and the President himself pinned on his uniform the medal which is the supreme distinction awarded to officers connected with the official fire service in France. Captain Dyson, who is much liked for his straightforward, manly character, as well as deferred to for his wide knowledge of fire-brigade matters, was born in Canterbury on Waterloo Day, in 1852, and comes of a musical family. He is also a well-known athlete, founded the Windsor and Eton Gymnastic Club, and is always to the fore when any athletic sports are *sur le tapis* in the Royal Borough.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.



RESCUE DRILL.



FIRE DRILL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY, STRAND.

"HENRY IV.," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The production of "Henry IV." at a matinée on May 8 has been followed by a place in the evening bill, so that it now disputes the monopoly of "Trilby." It is eight years since Mr. Tree first essayed the part of Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and some of his colleagues in that production support him in "Henry IV." Mr. Waller, for example, now Hotspur, was Mr. Ford; Mr. Lionel Brough was then, as now, Bardolph; and Miss Kate Phillips was Mistress Quickly on both occasions, although she now has had to abandon the part, having joined the cast of "The Little Genius" at the Avenue Theatre. Mr. Frank Gillmore, who was Prince Hal in the original matinée production, had to give up the part on account of his work at the Lyceum. The cast is as follows—

Sir John Falstaff	MR. TREE.
King Henry IV.	MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON.
Henry, Prince of Wales	MR. HERBERT ROSS.
Prince John of Lancaster	MR. BERTIE THOMAS.
Earl of Westmoreland	MR. ROMAINÉ.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester	MR. FRED EVERILL.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland	MR. CHARLES ALLAN.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur	MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March	MR. C. M. HALLARD.
Sir Walter Blunt	MR. F. PERCIVAL STEVENS.
Sir Richard Vernon	MR. G. HIPPISELEY.
Poins	MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Owen Glendower	MR. HOLMAN CLARK.
Douglas	MR. HENRY VIRART.
(By permission of Mr. Arthur Bouchier.)	
Francis	MR. D. J. WILLIAMS.
Bardolph	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.
Gadshill	MR. LESLY THOMSON.
Peto	MR. GAYER MACKAY.
Sheriff	MR. ARTHUR COE.
First Messenger	MR. J. ROSIER.
Second Messenger	MR. MONTAGUE.
First Traveller	MR. B. THORN.
Second Traveller	MR. GRAFTON.
Lady Percy	MRS. TREE.
Lady Mortimer	MISS MARION EVANS.
Mistress Quickly	MISS ALICE KINGSLEY.



HENRY IV. (MR. MOLLISON).

*"Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?"*



HOTSPUR (MR. WALLER) AND LADY PERCY (MRS. TREE).

"Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?"



BARDOLPH (MR. LIONEL BROUGH) AND FALSTAFF (MR. TREE)

"A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent."



*"All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke."*



*"Now,—Espérance!—Percy!—and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war!"*



*"The hour is come
To end the one of us!"*



*"Now for our consciences—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just."*

THE WELSH GIRL IN "HENRY IV."

I was so charmed with the quaint effect of the earnest delivery by Miss Marion Evans of the Welsh love-passages in "Henry IV." that, after the scene so wisely given by Mr. Beerbohm Tree—for it has sometimes been cut—I went behind the scenes of the theatre, soon to be deserted by its popular tenant. On my way to her dressing-room, I found my way barred by that "tun of man," Sir John Falstaff, and was startled to find that, even when I was actually speaking to him, Mr. Tree's make-up did not betray its secret. Indeed, a country friend of mine who

since she had never faced the footlights before the afternoon, three weeks ago, when she made a hit as Lady Mortimer—is really Welsh. Like most of the race, she is very proud of her nationality, and, indeed, in home life constantly uses the tongue of Dafydd ap Gwilym and Taliesin. How pretty is the tongue anyone may judge who pays a visit to the Haymarket during the admirable production of "Henry IV." Possessed, like many of the Welsh, of a beautiful singing voice, she was trained for the concert-platform by Tosti. It was on the suggestion of Miss Mary Davies that, just a week before her actual appearance, the part was offered to her. The song she sings is set to a genuine Welsh tune; the words that she utters so sweetly and amorously



MISS MARION EVANS AS LADY MORTIMER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

accompanied me flatly refused to believe that this was the representative of the hollow-checked Svengali. I am still at a loss to know how Mr. Tree really contrives to give such an air of fatness to himself in his brilliant performance.

Miss Marion Evans, who was sitting in a dressing-gown, had a very curious, charming effect. Unlike most of our actresses, since the coming of Duse, she makes up liberally, and the big lines round her blue eyes and vivid red patches on her cheeks made her look quite like a delightful Dutch doll. However, it seemed a pity so to conceal the beauty of the fragile blonde with the long, fair hair and delicate features, which I expected, and correctly, would be accompanied by fine little hands and feet.

The young actress—in one sense of the word, perhaps our youngest,

have been "Welshed" by Mr. Cadwalladr Davies, since Shakspeare has confined himself to the simple stage direction, "speaks in Welsh." I learnt one curious fact from her, which is that, in the opinion of Tosti, Welsh and Italian, from a vocal point of view, are not unlike, being both open languages. This suggests that those who have invented the spelling of the Cymric language have fearfully misrepresented their tongue. Miss Evans has been engaged to play her part in the company when Mr. Tree goes through the country to delight those out of London with his splendid performance of the immensely difficult part of Falstaff. Seeing the trouble I had in moving about in the coulisses that were literally crowded with mail-clad warriors, I wonder what Mr. Tree will do when he honours some of the smaller theatres in the provinces with his elaborate production.

THE SHRINES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

On Monday the American Ambassador visits a town in Lincolnshire which, with its quaint, twisted streets, red, fluted roofs, and ochred walls, is as un-English-looking as any place within the three seas. A memorial chapel to John Robinson is about to be built at Gainsborough, and, as John Robinson was pastor of the little flock of Puritans in the neighbouring village of Serooby that sailed away in the *Mayflower*

and established the American nation, it is fitting the American Ambassador should lay the foundation-stone, for which a party of American Congregationalists have come across. It is doubtful whether Robinson was born at Gainsborough, but he was certainly a Lincolnshire man.

The little Dutch-looking town on the banks of the Trent was selected in 1602 by the Puritans in the northern counties as the place to establish a Separatist Church. Those were troublous times, for the Puritans were constantly subjected to persecutions, harassing, and imprisonments, and Gainsborough was chosen as the meeting-centre, not only because the Lord of the Manor was favourable



SEROOBY CHURCH.

to them, but because it was far from big towns and fairly near to the coast, from which escape could be made to Holland. John Smyth was the pastor, and ministered to a trembling congregation in the Old Hall, which in other days had witnessed the revels of bluff Henry VIII. And it was here that John Robinson, a Cambridge graduate and a Fellow of his College, Corpus Christi, came, but afterwards went to the village of Serooby, ten miles or so off, over in Nottingham, where he preached to his followers in the Manor House, on the Great North Road, until, worn out with being hunted as dangerous schismatics disobedient in matters of religion, they accompanied him over to Leyden and subsequently sailed away in the *Mayflower*. And this is how out of Serooby came the greatness of America.

Gainsborough and Serooby are intimately connected, and even the American who runs over to "do Europe in five days" cannot afford to miss seeing them. The places themselves, though unknown to the majority of English folks, are full of interest. Gainsborough is still quaint, though its villainous ironworks, and necessary accompaniment of jerry-built terraces, have robbed it of much of the picturesqueness given it under the guise of St. Oggs by George Eliot in her "Mill on the Floss." It has enough traditions to stuff an antiquarian museum, and Gainsborough people, among other things, believe it was by the edge of their town that Canute, when the tidal wave came rolling up the river, demonstrated to his assembled courtiers the limits of kingly power.

It is Serooby, however, that is the most interesting place in the present association. It is a demure little village lying some way from Bawtry railway station. As you tread the broad high-road, skirted with sturdy elms, and listen to the cawing of the rooks, the mind naturally reverts to the time when kings and queens and those of lesser degree journeyed the same way. The Archbishops of York once had a palace at Serooby, but no trace remains save the foundations and the moat. The episcopal Manor House still stands, and must have been the scene of constant animation when Serooby was one of the six-and-twenty post-towns on the North Road.

Two horses had always to be kept ready, and a horn for the driver to blow "as oft as he meets company," or four times in every mile. Cardinal Wolsey, towards the end of his crooked career, spent several weeks in the house, and planted a mulberry-tree, a part of which, owing to someone else's vandalism, I now have among a mass of collected rubbish. Perhaps it was because the whole district was rich in monasteries, exercising an influence long after Henry VIII. had issued his decree abolishing them, that, as a kind of set-off, Puritanism was particularly strong for many miles around. William Brewster, a zealous Puritan, was postmaster when



THE OLD HALL, GAINSBOROUGH.

James I. was King, and the "disobeyers in matters of religion" met at the Manor House, though in what room is doubtful. Here the gentle John Robinson came to preach. Men whose names will live as long as American history lasts worshipped with him, and among them, from the adjoining hamlet of Austerfield, was young William Bradford, afterwards to be famous as Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony. They were an ardent, faithful band, but subjected to constant indignity and persecution. So they turned their eyes to Holland, where other of their co-religionists had flown. There they remained till the time arrived when the *Mayflower* carried them to a New England where no ecclesiastical courts could imprison them.

Mr. Bayard, after he has laid the foundation-stone of the John Robinson Memorial Chapel at Gainsborough, will, no doubt, have the pride of all Americans in visiting the original home of the Pilgrim Fathers. The "meane townlet of Serooby," as Leland the antiquarian calls it, is, outwardly, nothing but an ordinary English village, possessing a lopsided church. He will find the cottage-gardens full of pleasant-breathed roses and sweet flowers; if he pushes his way through somebody's currant-bushes he will see the well made from part of the ancient village stocks, and he may secure a piece of the old oak rafter in the Manor House, if enthusiastic American parsons have not already begged, stolen, or bought the whole of it to stick in front of pulpits on the other side of the Atlantic.

J. F. F.



THE PEAR-TREE WHICH WAS NAILED TO THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.



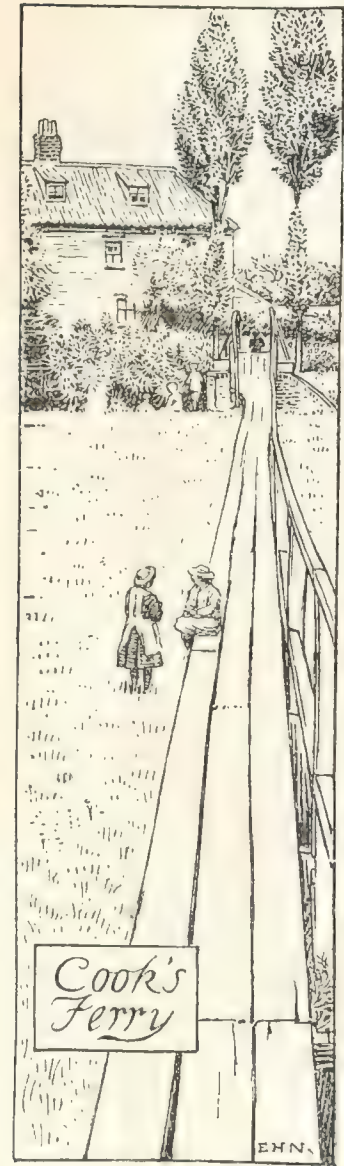
SEROOBY MANOR HOUSE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Compleat Angler" of Walton and Cotton is being issued in parts from the Bodley Head, under the editorship of Mr. Le Gallienne, and with illustrations of the Birmingham School by Mr. E. H. New. These latter fit the type very well, but otherwise are not very pleasing

representations of such spots sacred to the lovers of Walton as Tottenham and Madeley. It will be a handsome edition, all the same, when completed; and I note, without dissatisfaction, that as yet there is no sign of Mr. Le Gallienne taking his editorship so seriously as to annotate the book. An Angler's Calendar is given—an excellent idea. The Calendar should not be too ambitious after fulness, as it seems to be, judging by this entry: "George Herbert, scholar, poet, musician, and model parish clergyman, born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, 1593. Izaak Walton wrote his life." If this sort of thing goes on we shall have Joan of Arc figuring in it because Mr. Andrew Lang has been busy promoting her *culte*.

"The Tale of Balen" (Chatto) is not another of the Swinburne poems that one loves to murmur or to rant because of their flowing melody. Read it aloud and you will stumble over the metre many a time. It is an excellent metre for an heroic story, but Mr. Swinburne is hardly at home in it yet. Perhaps the very unfamiliarity and rigidity has had a good effect; for into very few poems indeed of equal length has he put more good matter and less empty wordiness. It is uncharacteristic; yet it is good. There is little of the poetic shimmer which hides the inner feebleness of Tennyson's idylls. There is in it a robust ring than Tennyson got out of any of his Arthurian tales, and there is quite as much pathos. For better or worse, mostly better, Mr. Swinburne has stuck close to Malory's text, adopting the very words at times. The tale of Sir Balen the Savage is mysterious and melancholy; the "Morte d'Arthur" is mysterious and melancholy still. It has gained a few graces of diction



From "The Compleat Angler."

and allusion; but, more wonderful, it has lost very little at the hands of the modern poet, even when he has enlarged on the scanty suggestive words of the old story-teller. Very beautiful is the description of the young Sir Balen's setting out from the northern land, eager "to claim by right the life and death of deed and doom"—

And glad in spirit and sad in soul,
With dream and doubt of days that roll
As waves that race and find no goal,
Rode on by bush and brake and bole,
A northern child of earth and sea.
The pride of life before him lay
Radiant; the heavens of night and day
Shone less than shone before his way,
His ways and days to be.

There Swinburne speaks, as elsewhere, of course, and especially at the end, which tells of Balen's death-vision—

He saw the moorland shine,
The rioting rapids of the Tyne,
The woods, the cliffs, the sea.

For the most part, however, the narrative is Malory's made a little more obscure; but, if obscured, never emasculated. There is hardly a more pathetic tale in legend than this of the two brothers who loved each other so well, who, all unknowing, fought and killed each other as sport to the idle knights and ladies of the frivolous castle—

... joy
There makes of grief a deadly toy,

nor is there one that appeals more surely to modern sympathies.

Miss Betham Edwards is on her own special ground in her new novel, which she calls "The Dream Charlotte" (Black). Provincial France of the Revolution time she knows with a detailed knowledge few other English writers, if any, possess. Those who know past history a little less well are apt to make light nowadays of the benefits of the Revolution; but her study of facts, her keen interest in peasant life and conditions, and her sturdy Protestantism, enable her still to sing songs of triumph over feudal hardships and cruelties defeated and liberty of

conscience assured. The story has an admirable beginning. Two girls, foster-sisters, educated at the Convent of the Visitation at Caen, go home for good a few days after the fall of the Bastille. The convent walls were not so thick but that rumours of the new doings and the spirit of the new times had made their way within, and the girls are exalted revolutionists, fervently loving liberty and full of the message of peace and good-will to man. In their several homes, at Caen, and at Le Rosel, near St. Lo, they are apostles of the ideal side of the new doctrines. One of them is no other than Charlotte Corday; but of her we get very few direct glimpses, seeing her mostly through the adoring vision of her foster-sister, of whom she is the inspirer and the high example. Their lives are henceforth remote one from the other; and the after-heroine of history, the slayer of Marat, appears in a kind of saint's niche in her humbler friend's abode. It was ingenious to show her merely as the dream Charlotte. Save for the opening situation and the pictures of sober-minded francs, where Miss Betham Edwards always excels, it is less good than her "Romance of Dijon." But it is a first-rate novel for youth, because of its irresistible, contagious youthfulness and its wholesome enthusiasms. The charm, as it is likewise the weakness, of this talented writer is the fact that her imagination has never quite grown up.

Lieut.-Colonel Manifold Craig has written a novel, "The Sacrifice of Fools" (Lane), to demonstrate the unhappiness which is brought to the world by obstinate persons, who do the wrong thing, and then, recognising it, punish themselves most uncomfortably and in such a way as to do no one any good at all. It is a theme on which many a good novel could be written, which might even reduce the stupid obstinacy of the world, though not appreciably. But the folly must be compatible with sanity before it touches our consciences and affords us an awful warning. Otherwise, it is a matter for brain specialists, as in this tale here. A girl tells her mother that she is to be married. The mother knows that her daughter's fiancé is the son of a madman who attempted murder and committed suicide, and that he is spurred on to the marriage by his wicked, jealous mother, who sees in it a means of vengeance. The story would turn the girl's mind at once, and there is no reason for hiding it. But it is not told. The mother prefers to cut off her daughter's fortune instead, as a protest. After the marriage, knowing she has behaved badly, she shuts herself up in her room, and stops there till her daughter, after wild adventures with a mad husband, returns to her. Lieut.-Colonel Manifold Craig has added one more example than he intended to the list of folly's sacrifices.

The anonymous author of "James; or, Virtue Rewarded" (A. Constable), has given himself the luxury of satirising everybody who is in the least degree prominent in his story. And not only do his own characters come in for his lash, but all the enterprises they are engaged in, the professions they are members of, their amusements, their hobbies, their serious pursuits. The industrious, pushing young man; the charitable matron; the clergyman with farming tastes, the clergyman without prejudices against anything which may bring money to his church; the lay preacher, the aristocrat, the democrat; the capable, amusing young man; building societies, "Extension" lectures, bazaars—all the interests of a country town, have the lash in turn, till by the time you have reached the middle you feel that you have lived like a blind fool till now, and that there is no one who is not ridiculous, or interested, or corrupt, or silly. Garments one had thought innocent are taken as symbols of guile or folly; movements and institutions one had subscribed to are treated as the opportunities of humbugs. But by the end you have revolted, and he has you in consistent opposition. The writer does not deny other sides, I suppose, to the things he laughs at, nor other types of people, but he has no use for them in his story, and so they don't appear. James, therefore, an objectionable young man, with a talent for getting on, suffers in his picturesque villaindom for want of an innocent background. There is very little to choose between him and the other rogues or the vain and the absurd fools he moves among. The book owes something of its form, perhaps, to "Joseph Andrews," and its writer, the author of "Muggleton College," has talent. It is at once clever and thick-skinned, a little amusing and very irritating, vivacious in its manner and a little heavy in its effect. But, in justice, be it said, it reminds one of no other novel of the day, and that should temper a reviewer's judgment with some mercy.

The author of "The Works of Max Beerbohm" has a pretty wit. His essay on George IV. shows a true historical sense, and a maturity strange in one so recent. He takes a pessimistic view of the youth of the present day in contrast to the Englishmen of George's time—

Our youths, who spend their days in trying to build up their constitutions by sport or athletics, and their evenings in undermining them by poisonous and dyed drinks; our daughters, who are ever searching for some new quack remedy for new imaginary megrim, what strength is there in them? . . . Women are becoming almost as rare as ladies, and it is only at the music-halls that we are privileged to see strong men.

The dissolving views of this young writer are very amusing, and his style has a rare distinction. o. o.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

"Le Ravissement d'Andromède," by E. M. Stevens, a work exhibited at the New Gallery, is reproduced this week on this page. It is a work which deals vigorously enough with the old legend, in a manner very different, say, from that of the late President of the Royal Academy or that of the rejected Mr. Harry Tuke. Andromeda is released; Perseus, upon his horse, is in the act of flight from the sea, that swirls and boils around them. It is an effective picture, but one cannot help feeling that the discomfort of the lady's position is emphasised by the burnished ridges and belts of the armoured knight.

a few days later at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. This was the dispersal of the collection of pictures formed by the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, who certainly knew what he was about when he purchased, for in every important instance the pictures now sold brought in a larger sum than upon the occasion of their purchase. The very large price of 7500 guineas was given for Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of the Hon. Mary Monckton; for another portrait of Mrs. Mathew by the same artist 4000 guineas were given, and 3800 for a third by the same hand, "Barbara, Countess of Coventry." A Gainsborough, again, "Dorothea,



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LE RAVISSEMENT D'ANDROMÈDE.—E. M. STEVENS.

EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.

The death of Professor Middleton is a serious event for the fortunes of South Kensington, which was beginning to show flourishing signs of his influence. Mr. Middleton, as a student of Roman and Italian art, was among the most efficient and prominent men of his generation—indeed, his book on "Ancient Rome," in 1885, is everywhere regarded as the *locus classicus* on the subject. He was a man of sound theories, which he defended and expounded with much earnestness and occasional controversial vehemence. In every other respect, however, he was so modest and retiring that his work has probably not had the general recognition which it undoubtedly deserved. His widow is the sister of Miss Lisa Stillman, whose artistic labours are well known at the New Gallery and elsewhere.

A more remarkable sale even than that of the great Romney of last week, so far as the average price of pictures is concerned, was effected

Lady Eden," brought a sum of 5000 guineas, and three Romneys fetched respectively 3100 guineas, 2750 guineas, and 2000 guineas. A Constable was purchased for 2000 guineas, and the grand total which the sale produced was no less than £67,342.

Mr. Alfred Taylor, of the Barraud Studios, 263, Oxford Street, has adopted the Dallmeyer-Bergheim system of photography, and at those studios there are specimens of his results now to be seen. It seems that from English artists the approval given to this new method is almost unanimous, and, indeed, it is difficult to conceive that it should be otherwise. The harsh lines of the common photograph here entirely disappear; the hair becomes a soft mass of dark amid the lighter shades of the face; the likeness is preserved beautifully and in an environment of atmosphere, and the modelling becomes soft and in the very likeness of flesh. Assuredly the new method has a future before it.

Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have been fortunate in securing for the Hanover Gallery Mr. John Gützow Borglum's pictures of "Frontier Life of the Old Franciscan Mission and Scenes in California." Mr. Borglum comes of one of the oldest families in Denmark, but was born at Fremont, in Nebraska, just twenty-nine years ago. In 1890 he went to Paris and entered the Julian Academy, and the following year exhibited in the Salon de Mars, and was at once unanimously elected an Associate. Since then he has travelled widely both in France and Spain; but, going to California in 1893 to execute some commissions, he was so much captivated with the colouring and scenery there that he remained, and, working incessantly, now shows the results of some two years' labours. He now purposes settling down in London.

All the pictures in Mr. Borglum's exhibition have an attraction and interest of their own; some are of coaching through the Santa Cruz Mountains, many of the cowboy made popular by Buffalo Bill, one of the famous Big Redwood Tree through which drives a coach-and-four, as well as all sorts and kinds of landscapes in all sorts and conditions of atmospheric effects, and several most able and remarkable portraits of

all, as it were, out of his own bodily and mental strength. Mr. Holman Hunt is, of course, welcome to his own opinion upon the matter; but it may be pointed out that in any such discussion one vital principle is very often lost sight of, namely, that if patrons there be, it is not the patron who makes the artist, but the artist who makes the patron. And, after all, even given an artist, there is many



THE DEAD GIANT.—J. G. BORGLUM.
Exhibited at Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti's Gallery.

a man desirous to play the patron who will pass him over for a journeyman. This, of course, is part of Mr. Hunt's grievance. He frankly says that he himself has not received one of those State-aided employments to which he and others were entitled. And here, indeed, Mr. Holman Hunt concludes the controversy; it is not for anyone else to carry the argument further. That matter remains between Mr. Hunt and the State. At the same time, it may be observed that there are weighty arguments on both sides, and that, patron or no patron, there will continue to be artists.

Among the newly elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is the name of the younger of two remarkably clever lady artists, sisters, the Misses Demain Hammond. Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond, who with five gentlemen (those clever illustrators Bernard Partridge and Gordon Browne among the number), has just attained this well-merited honour, is a R.A. pupil, and has exhibited at both the Academy and the Institute for some years, one of her pictures at the latter gallery having been bought by the Empress Frederick a season or two ago. Miss Demain Hammond is also well known in the region of black-and-white, and various books, periodicals, and journals have been and are enriched by sketches from her vigorous and facile pencil.

Mr. Whistler has been so long, at least as far as England is concerned, without making any sign of artistic life that it is delightful to hear that, since his return to London, where the sad event of his wife's death awaited him, he has been occupying himself with a new series of lithographs of London and the Thames, to both of which subjects he has already awarded so poetical a justice. It is also announced that one of this series, a view of the river looking towards Westminster, is to form one of the supplements of the new volume of the *Studio*.

Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl, of London and Munich, has just issued the first of a series of reproductions of the National Gallery pictures, with a descriptive text written (unofficially) by Mr. Charles L. Eastlake. This series is a continuation of the same publisher's recently issued collection of photographs from the National Gallery, one of which, Correggio's "Mercury instructing Cupid in the Presence of Venus," is reproduced herewith. The present issue will consist of ten parts, each of which will contain ten full-page and five half-page illustrations. The first part, now published, which gives an admirable idea of the probable merits of the whole publication, deals entirely with the Schools of Tuscany, which are illustrated with a beauty and a care that are beyond praise. Mr. Eastlake's letterpress is excellently written.



STAGING IN CALIFORNIA.—J. G. BORGLUM.
Exhibited at Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti's Gallery.



ORMONDE.—J. G. BORGLUM.
Exhibited at Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti's Gallery.

horses, portraits that are also pictures, though not the least interesting on this side the Atlantic will be that of Ormonde, painted in July 1895 on the ranch of his present owner, Mr. W. O'B. McDonough, at Menlo Park, San Francisco. Besides being a painter, Mr. Borglum is a very talented sculptor, though in that branch of art he confines himself to statuettes. Mrs. Borglum, also a clever artist, shows some dozen pictures painted in California, but more in a decorative vein; she is an American and has studied in Paris, and is as delightful a woman as she is a talented artist.

The picture of Ormonde loose upon the ranch is reproduced here among other specimens of Mr. Borglum's art. It is an interesting and will be to sportsmen an emotional record of the recent appearance of a favourite horse which Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere fame, has just described as the "horse of the century." It would be superfluous to chronicle the various successes that attended the career of this remarkable creature. He won every race that he ever attempted, a record that included the winning of the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the Leger. His career practically closed ten years ago, when, on his retirement, in referring to the unfortunate illness which brought about that event, Mr. Porter made the remark, "Once a roarer, always a roarer. Let the horse alone. I have never known a single instance in all my experience of an animal afflicted as Ormonde unhappily was being either cured or substantially relieved."

What is this Mr. Holman Hunt has been writing about State patronage of artists? He grieves that the artist has to go too much his own way, to make his own profit, to ensure his own position,



MERCURY INSTRUCTING CUPID IN THE PRESENCE OF VENUS.

After the Picture by Antonio da Correggio Allegri.

REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF FRANZ HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.



The Song of
Songs N°6
The Shulamite
laments for desire
of her beloved.

Stay ye me with
raisins,
Comfort me with
apples:
For I am sick of
love.

GILBERT JAMES '96

SOME FAMOUS COLLIES.

The name of Ormskirk has long been associated with some of the finest collies ever exhibited, and Ormskirk Chriss, the son of Champion Christopher and Bleachfield Wonder, is a worthy descendant of



ORMSKIRK CHRISS.

his sire and dam, possessing their high-class qualities of lovely colouring, he being a bright sable with a white blaze and chest. His head is beautiful; his ears are small, and carried semi-erect; his body, legs, and feet are perfect; his coat is heavy, with a splendid frill and a profuse, long brush. He is now just over six years old, and the winner of many firsts, specials, and stud-dog prizes. Ormskirk Chriss is also the sire of a numerous and distinguished progeny.

Ormskirk Emerald, the son of Heather Ralph and Aughton Bessie, is another of the splendid team which their owner, Mr. T. H. Stretch, recently exhibited at the Aquarium Collie Show. He also is one of the fashionable and beautiful sables, with a half-white collar, blaze, and tip. He has a grand head, with a fine and most expressive face. His coat is heavy, with a magnificent frill and cape; his movements are free and graceful, and he can gallop like a thoroughbred. Though under two years old, he has already won many first prizes, the President's Gold Medal at Edinburgh, the fifty-guinea British Challenge Trophy at Liverpool, and other honours. The photographs of Ormskirk Chriss and Emerald are by Mr. John Ashley, of Liverpool.

Champion Southport Perfection, who won general admiration, as well as more tangible proofs of his right to his name in the many awards he took at the recent Collie Show held in the Westminster Aquarium, including the sixty-guinea



SOUTHPORT PERFECTION.

Challenge Trophy given for the best in all classes, is the son of Edgbaston Marvel and Tabley Rose. He is probably the biggest collie living, as he is one of the most beautiful. His head is long, lean, and perfectly chiselled; he has small, exquisitely shaped ears, and brilliant, well-set eyes, which, combined with his correct head-formation, gives him in a very marked degree the intelligent expression which is one of the special points of this breed. His coat is very heavy, with a splendid frill and feathers. His colour is a rich sable, with the much-admired white markings. Though little over four years old (the date of his birth being Feb. 9, 1892), he is the sire of 150 prize-winners, including many champions, and himself the winner of challenge-cups and other prizes innumerable. He in every respect merits his name Perfection. His catalogue price is £5000, and he is owned by Mr. A. H. Megson, of Manchester.

"HEAVY ODDS."

"Heavy Odds," the title of Marcus Clarke's novel which Messrs. Hutchinson have published, has replaced the original name "Long Odds," under which it appeared in serial form in Australia, for since it was written the latter title has been used for another book. In his famous book "For the Term of his Natural Life," Mr. Clarke essayed with success to startle his readers with a strong story. "Heavy Odds," on the other hand, is a much lighter piece of work. It is a rollicking, slap-dash story of the kind popular before the neurotics and problem-novels arose in their might; but it is well written and gives a lively picture of the world, social and otherwise, circling round horseracing, steeplechasing,



ORMSKIRK EMERALD.

betting, "flying kites"—always, of course, in other people's interest. The highly seasoned drink is served up with a sauce of mingled love and politics, both of the good old-fashioned kind. Perhaps the villains are more convincing than their tamer comrades, but it must be admitted that almost everyone in the book is painted in such lurid colours that the reader loses any sense of relationship with real life. On the other hand, "Heavy Odds" is undeniably amusing, much as "Mr. Barnes of New York" was amusing. Rupert Dacre is as picturesque a villain as any that ever trod the Adelphi boards. Cyril's weakness and folly are irritating at times, but quite "in the cast." The two women characters are cheerily contrasted, and, given the circumstances, their actions are natural and consistent. One might be inclined to raise a note of objection to the way Mr. Clarke named some of his characters. A glance at a Peerage would have convinced him that it was not in very good taste to call one of the characters in his story "Lady Loughborough," or, on the other hand, to make an Earl of Desborough possessing the family name of Ponsonby! Again, the author's ignorance of English University matters was extraordinary. In one instance his hero is placed at "Christ's," in another at "Christchurch," and Mr. Clarke is under the impression that a man can take a degree without first taking schools! Still, when all is said and done, "Heavy Odds" may well claim to be an amusing and dramatic story.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The main plot of the Transvaal drama is now worked out; the act-drop has fallen on general pardon and reconciliation, with the apotheosis of Oom Paul, in rose-coloured clouds of incense, with Mr. B. Barnato as attendant nymph, strewing his triumphant path with cheques for large amounts. Boers have dropped tears; Uitlanders have dropped money. It only remains, in President Krüger's opinion, to seek out the Chartered Demon and appropriately punish him by some of the ancient methods dear to the Biblical student. Agag having been satisfactorily hewn in pieces, the Transvaal may return to its old happy Arcadian simplicity.

It is a sweet vision, and it may remain the dream of ardent humanitarians, in whose eyes all men are good—except their own countrymen. And, indeed, President Krüger has acted well, and in strict accordance with the dictates of enlightened self-interest. The conspiracy was so futile and patent and mismanaged that he who would punish its authors without mercy must have been either very cruel or very cowardly. Now Oom Paul is neither; besides, he has in his own career been an unsuccessful filibuster as well as a successful rebel. A fellow-feeling must have helped to make him kind. He had his choice between three alternatives. He might have carried out the death sentences, and incurred much hatred for no special advantage, besides beginning a blood-feud with a man whose wealth is admittedly large, and whose scruples are small; or he might have imprisoned the chief offenders for long periods in an insanitary jail, where some might have died, and then the same odium would have arisen without the impressiveness of a public execution.

Thus the only prudent course was to inflict a heavy fine—heavy enough to be felt, but not heavy enough to cripple men at the head of industries profitable to the State. Twenty-five thousand pounds a man is just such a sum—substantial, but not oppressively large for men like the Reformers of Johannesburg. The one satisfactory course has been taken, and the President has practically allowed his captives to ransom themselves, and has now pocketed—for the State—the refreshingly large sum of over two hundred thousand pounds. It is almost exactly the process followed—not, perhaps, in Biblical periods, when hewing in pieces or smiting beneath the fifth rib enjoyed too great a vogue, but certainly in the days of chivalry—which were far more business-like and mercantile than the casual reader supposes. The principle of "Ransom"—a phrase which Mr. Chamberlain has probably forgotten that he ever used—lies at the very root of the warlike ardour of the Middle Ages. A noble in full armour, unless despatched by the dagger of some knave that did not know his armorial bearings, was tolerably safe. If he was beaten down—cut down he could hardly be—or unhorsed in any way, his vassals were legally bound to supply his ransom, while he himself was generally well treated by his captor. It was not only bad form, but bad business, to let one's securities fall in value.

History repeats itself, and the bold but not necessarily bad Baron of Krügerstein, if annoyed by the citizens of some trading town that had sprung up on his lands, would have swooped down on the principal merchants, sentenced them to penalties that were always meant to be commuted, and finally ransomed them for a round sum. Then, business having been concluded and seigniorial justice satisfied, he would have fraternised as freely with his former enemies as President Krüger seems to have done. Why keep up ill-feeling any longer? The revolt seems to have been largely a financial operation.

The only thing necessary to establish complete beatitude all round would be to discover that "Dr. Jim" had driven his historic "spider" through one of the gaps of our legal system, and in some way managed to dodge the Foreign Enlistment Act. Sir Edward Clarke has already raised the point, which may be stated thus—

There's a place called Pitsani Potlugo,
To which, as a rule, very few go;
If it doesn't pertain
To the British domain
We must let "Dr. Jim" and his crew go!

In the weary farce of Parliamentary chatter one gleam of humour flashed out recently, when an energetic member protested against calling the new torpedo-catchers by such peaceful and poetic names as Cynthia, Sylvia, Violet, Fawn, Dove, and Bullfinch! It certainly is somewhat funny; but the names are not all so bad as they seem. Cynthia is, after all, only Diana, given to shooting; the Violet may be expected to blow (up) unseen—but why Sylvia?

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That not a ship can match her?
She is of the Queen's Navee,
A new torpedo-catcher,
Steaming thirty knots at sea!
Is she rather fleet than fair,
And less for sight than speed, oh?
She hath guns, a triple pair,
And tubes for the torpedo
Which, being shot, blows ships in air.
Then to Sylvia let us sing,
As her devout admirers,
Engines, hull, and everything,
Torpedoes and quick-firers,
At her anchor let her swing!

MARMITON.

IS TOMMY ATKINS HAPPY?

Is Tommy Atkins happy? If you know your Kipling well, you may have had your doubts raised on the problem of the soldier's happiness; while the recent epidemic of suicide in the Army will have forced the question on your attention in a passing, practical manner. At least, that was how the iteration of the coroners' inquests affected me (writes a *Sketch* representative), and I determined to cross-examine a Tommy on the subject. Tommy doesn't lend himself readily to the wiles of the interviewer. It is, indeed, next to impossible for a strange civilian to obtain the real opinion of a soldier on life in the Army. But I was in luck, for, on presenting myself at — Barracks, I encountered at the very gate an old school-fellow in uniform.

"You're just the man I want!" I exclaimed, after our mutual salutations were over. "The fact is, I wish to consult you."

"Right you are, my boy. Come along to the barrack-room. After I've packed my kit, I'm at your service. It's route-marching to-morrow."

"I suppose that entails a good deal of bother?"

"Oh, one gets used to it. But wait and you will see."

What with the thumping, and the gear lying about, the barrack-room as we entered was like an upholsterer's shop. Some half-dozen men were hard at work. At a corner bed a big fellow was jumping with his knees on a recalcitrant valise or knapsack. On the other side of the room a quiet-looking youth, evidently a believer in art as opposed to brute force, was deftly fitting two correctly cut boards into the sides of his valise to give it a square appearance. For square the valise must be; and, as my friend afterwards sarcastically remarked, the "pack" is like one of Brannigan's houses—it's meant not for use, but mere show. In the centre of the room four men occupied two tables, which were covered with blankets. The four kept rubbing at the polished surfaces of their knapsacks; but, on our appearance, they became evidently ill at ease. I had noticed a sudden cessation of what, from the other side of the door, seemed "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." White accoutrements with glistening buckles lay on the beds ready for use.

"How nice these things look!"

"Nice! nice! Yes; that's the nuisance. Everything for show. We're sick of nice things. We're sick of being old women. This same farce is played over and over again; perhaps only for parade on the square. That is—take off our valises, lay them down on the mud, anywhere. Who cares? Bless you, according to some, we've nothing else to do. Unfortunately, a few of our officers have that idea. Oh, of course, the straps clean themselves; a stain here or there is of no account. I don't wish to be taken as saying anything against officers generally. They're a splendid lot, as a rule—gentlemen. But, man, one popinjay will drive, and has driven, many a man to ruin. And the law is this: when a man in the Army is down, keep him down."

"I suppose you have been speaking among yourselves about the recent suicides. What do you think of them?"

"In the first place, a lot of attention has been called to them by the newspapers, as if it were something entirely new. That is because the suicides have happened in and about London. Certainly the epidemic doesn't with us approach the average in the German Army. Nevertheless, I believe there is hardly a barracks in the United Kingdom where suicide has not been committed—not only once, but oftener. You see, one case of suicide sets the men a-thinking, and, if it happens at what you call the psychological moment, then there is another, and another, and so on. The reason is mainly personal. I mean, you can't exactly lay it at the door of the War Office, so to speak; but there is no use blinking the fact that 95 per cent. at heart would rather be out of the Army than in it. Then, when things go the wrong way, and you can't see yourself in your castles in the air dressed in a civilian suit—well, you know his rifle is always the soldier's chum, for or against."

"Then, you should say, a soldier is not happy?"

"I have known only a few men, from the rank of sergeant downwards, who said they liked the Army. In the Curragh in one week there were four suicides. Two, I know, were dogged to their death. But it is too long a story. Originally, they made a slip—in short, got drunk—and from then they never got one chance."

"But they may have had suicidal tendencies?"

"Quite so. But discontent is rife."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, when a man enlists he has an idea that everything goes by clockwork. He finds the works out of order. Instead of one shilling a-day, he discovers the pay does not amount to much over sixpence or sevenpence. He pays for tea, coffee, sugar, vegetables, bread, and often a good part of his own clothing. The clothing needs repairs; boots require mending—all comes out of that paltry shilling. Again, he pays for barrack damages, ranging from threepence to two shillings a month—the damages very often the result of old age and decay. After that he expects anything. Discipline must be maintained, but what atrocities are committed in the sacred name of discipline! Volunteers are asked for—say, for foreign service. The volunteer is at once confronted with the question, 'What have you against the home service?' and so on. Result, maxim in the barrack-room, 'Volunteer for nothing.' A stoical indifference sets in, culminating in the well-known barrack-room sign after 'lights out'—'Roll on, death, till I get a sleep!' It is 'Roll on, reveille,' 'Roll on, parade,' 'Roll on, retreat,' 'Roll on, tattoo,' 'Roll on, seven years!'"

"What do you think of the new route-marching arrangements?"

"They're hardly new. A route-march was held in most places once a week; it is twice now. What we want is a proper, systematic training."

"But that is the case now?"

"Not exactly. Say, a man has been a month in hospital and is discharged from it a day or so before a march, perhaps in the end of the season. Well, he humps his pack along with the others for twenty miles or so, no matter how weak he be. Unless he can show a distinct cause for his illness, he runs the risk of having 'duty' written on the sick report. That is taken to mean he has been malingering. The result is cells. If one or two of these men do take part in the march and fall out, who can blame them? Then, everything is a case of 'follow my leader'

"Make up for a man's breakfast?"

"Yes. Often, when an early start is made, several have not time to take breakfast, and, at best, breakfast is not much. For instance, the orderly corporal is flying about all the morning. Of course, it all depends on the 'interior economy' of the particular regiment."

"And what about the boots?"

"Personally, I don't object to them. When on a 'flying column' I don't take off my boots, because I could not get them on again. The valise is mostly to blame for everything. It chokes a fellow; besides, it is



MEN OF THE 17TH LANCERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

in the Army. Others fancy they are dead-beat. Some march until they drop. No one objects to the marching. It is guard-mounting after the march the fellows don't like. To have to turn out like a new pin—say, an hour after the return—after being sopping wet, is not a thing which leads to contentment. In a few regiments the new guard does not take part in the march; in others it does. From a utilitarian point of view the march is little short of a farce, so far as pertains to training."

"But more attention is being paid to that branch of training?"

"Quite so. But no attention will make up for a man's breakfast; it won't make an uncomfortable thing comfortable."

all for show. Until they can give us a valise which does not catch one in the small of the back; until we have serviceable straps—that is, in all weathers—and until more attention is paid to the men and less to paste and pipe-clay, English soldiers will never come up to the required route-marching automaton. Supposing a 'foot parade' was held every day, matters would be no better. The German soldiers do not wear socks. We do—and the cause has to be removed. However, Tommy has always done the marching required of him when it is needed, and will do so again. Unfortunately for the home service, his best qualities are called out only by active service. It gives him a chance to vent his spleen. No—take my tip," as we parted, "don't 'list!"

THE REVISED APOCRYPHA.

All lovers of ancient literature, whether inspired or uninspired it matters not, will be glad of Mr. Henry Frowde's assurance that the demand for the revised edition of the Apocrypha has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The fourteen books that constitute the Apocrypha have long been unduly neglected. Many reasons for this may be adduced, but the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Church of England are chiefly to be blamed. It was, perhaps, going too far of Archbishop Abbot, the predecessor of Laud, to threaten with a year's imprisonment anybody binding up the Old and New Testaments without including the Apocrypha, but, then, his Grace was not unlike the wind in its uncontrolled character. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. Preaching to the Long Parliament, Lightfoot complained of the practice, still followed, of printing the Apocrypha between the two Testaments. "Divinely would they kiss each other," he said, "but that the wretched Apocrypha dost thrust in between." But, to skip over a couple of centuries of what the readers of *The Sketch* may describe as ancient history, the Bible Society in 1826 decided to encourage such sanctified osculation by excluding the Apocrypha, fearful lest the unlearned should regard it as of equal authority with the rest of the Bible—a point that I need not here discuss. The Established Church encouraged the reading of the Apocrypha "for example of life and instruction of manners," but not for establishing dogma. Before the Lectionary was revised, in 1867, the Apocrypha was read as the first lesson on a dozen or so Holy Days, and on every day, both morning and evening, from Sept. 28 to Nov. 23. Since the Revision, however, it has been read only on All Saints' Day, Innocents' Day, St. Luke's Day, and on twenty other Holy Days, and the great majority of folks who go to church on Sundays only never get a chance of hearing its rounded phrases half-intoned from the lectern. Alas! the revising Goths deleted the picturesque history of the destruction of Bel and the Dragon, the classic story of Susanna and the Elders, the account of Judith's betrayal of Holofernes, and the book of Tobit, dear to dog-lovers, leaving portions of only three books, the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, and Baruch.

Those familiar with Molière's plays will remember the astonishment of the *bourgeois gentilhomme* when told that he was speaking prose. "Par ma foi," he exclaimed, "il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose, sans que j'en susse rien!" So the younger generation are better acquainted with the Apocrypha than they are probably aware. Scores of the finest passages in Shakspeare's plays, for instance, seem to have been suggested by the Apocrypha. "Young readers," says the Rev. Dr. Salmon, in the addition to "The Speaker's Commentary," "require a commentator to explain to them why Shylock should exclaim, 'A Daniel come to judgment!' or why Milton should describe Raphael as the 'affable Archangel,' or as

"the sociable spirit that deigned
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid."

"Of those who quote the saying, 'Magna est veritas et prævalebit,' probably (certainly?) a majority could not tell whence it was derived. Christian names still in use—Susan, Toby, Judith—bear witness to the influence of the books which bear their names."

But now the Apocrypha has been brought up to date, edited by the best of living scholars, and published in a form that only the Oxford Press manages to turn out, the modern reader has no excuse if he remain ignorant of this "wisdom of the ancients." To take an instance or two from a single book. In Ecclesiasticus he will find some justification of misogamy, for which at present the New Woman is being blamed; sound advice, such as Solomon gave "in accents mild," for the uprearing of offspring, with the dictum that a quiverful is not necessarily a blessing; philosophical consolation for the wintry season "that a slip on the pavement is better than a slip with the tongue"; admirable hints on the etiquette of the dining-table ("Say not, Many are the things upon it—Stretch not thy hand whithersoever it looketh—Be first to leave off for manners' sake"); a temperate advocacy of wine, which it has been suggested the C. E. T. S. might quote, giving Timothy a rest; a rebuke to those who "pour out talk where there is a performance of music"; a caution to those over-anxious to escape the death-duties ("To son and wife, to brother and friend, give not power over thee while thou livest—in the time of death distribute thine inheritance"). Every page of "the wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach," indeed, contains good things, for serious moments as well as in the lighter vein. It may be remembered that, when Bunyan was in his own Slough of Despond, he was delivered therefrom by a text in Ecclesiasticus—"Who did ever put his trust in the Lord and was ashamed?"

When I called on Mr. Frowde at the University Warehouse at Amen Corner, where the Bibles and other productions of the Press are kept, he told me that the Revised Apocrypha had been issued in seven distinct editions, and so great had been the immediate demand from all parts that he had been obliged to go hurriedly to press in order that the stock of the three leading editions might not be exhausted. The Apocrypha has been published by the University in its 1611 form, bound up with the Testaments, in no fewer than twenty-nine editions. If anybody can speak with authority it is Mr. Frowde, and I was much interested to hear from him that, judging by sales, the Bible is being read more and more every year. Its circulation has gone up, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "by leaps and bounds." This is probably due, in no small measure, to the delightful way in which the Oxford Bibles are published, and to that

fortunate discovery, in the year 1875, of the famous Oxford India-paper, the secret of which is known to only three living people.

The Oxford Press does all its best binding at the factory in Aldersgate Street, and there I was permitted, under the guidance of Mr. R. U. Jones, the departmental chief, to inspect the Apocrypha in all stages of its evolution as a volume. The one-volume edition of the Testaments and the Apocrypha, in Pica type, on 3216 pages (of Oxford India-paper, of course), which I saw being bound in limp morocco, with flaps lined with calf, and edges gilt after the sheets had been fixed in position, is truly a masterpiece. If such a "get-up" tempt not a man to read the Bible or the Apocrypha, nothing can.

R. M. L.

STAGES TO SIBERIA.*

This is quite one of the best boys' books recently published. Mr. Hilliard is either a singularly observant traveller, or he has read with the avidity of Dumas. His purpose, I assume, was to show the possibilities of escape from Siberia through the Himalayas and India; and this he has done in a moving narrative, which neither obtrudes its local colour upon the reader nor fails to convey the impression of intimate knowledge of the



ERNEST IS ARRESTED AND DRAGGED TO THE GUARD-ROOM.

country and of the Russian prisons. Boys will revel in the book, and students of the Muscovite in Asia will welcome it. The tale itself is just as straightforward and as engrossing as such a tale should be. An English lad, residing with his father in Russia, contrives to draw upon himself the attentions of the police. Being convicted first and tried afterwards, as justice *à la Russe* properly requires, Ernest Wentworth and his chum, Feodor Gregorieff, are condemned to the mines and conveyed to Asia. The reader chuckles at the suggestion, promising himself that he will enjoy the gloom of prisons, the planning of escapes, and those other exciting scenes which wait upon such a prologue. And he is not disappointed. Mr. Hilliard changes his "sets" with the skill of a clever stage-manager. Leaving his hero at one moment doomed to the horrors of a stinking prison, at the next he shows him to us the hero of a dashing run for liberty. Now in Europe, now in Asia, the "thrills" crowd upon us. Yet how it comes about that the chief actors escape the clutches of the Muscovite and reach India safely the author must be left to tell. Suffice it to say that the end of his book convinces, and that few readers will not lay it down with regret. Mr. Hilliard is the possessor of a very pleasing literary style, and should be heard of again in some more ambitious book. He has scored a substantial success with "Under the Black Eagle," and promises to prove a new friend to the book-loving boy.

* "Under the Black Eagle." By Andrew Hilliard. London: Blackie & Sons.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



TOURIST : There seems to be a lot of dry rot in the pews.

OLD CARETAKER : Yes, Sir ; but nothing to the dry rot there is in the pulpit.



AN UNFORTUNATE LOCATION.



[Drawn by Bernard Partridge.]

“ Oh, drat the smoke ! I really must lay in some o' that antichrist coal they talk about ”



SHE : " The possession of rank or wealth always shows itself in a man's appearance " ? Nonsense, Mr. Johnson ! Now, look at this old man : honestly, does he look like a baronet with five thousand a-year ?

HE : Well, do you know, I think he's a very good case in point. He's an ordinary-looking old chap ; but, still, the practised eye can see a certain indefinable something about him that——

SHE : Now, don't commit yourself any further ; the " indefinable something " is probably flour, for he's our baker.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SON OF THE HOUSE.

BY THOMAS COBB.

"I thought p'r'aps the 'eels was worth setting up, Mr. Bunning."

He continued to take nails from his mouth and hammer them into the boot at which he was working. It was fixed sole upwards on an iron foot before the shop-window.

"The sea do look fine this mornin'," she said, still holding the shoes.

"Yes," he answered, taking one of them and looking critically at its sole, "they're worth 'celing and that's all." Straightening the shoe, he pressed a thumb upon the weakest spot. "Eightpence," he added.

"Right y' are. I'm flush. Got a job of charing yesterday."

She was eighteen, and her bosom threatened to burst out of her dirty pink cotton frock. Above it she wore a spotless white apron, one end being drawn up and tucked in her waistband. Her cheeks were rosy, her lips rosier, her black hair arranged in a dozen or more shiny flat curls forming an arch from ear to ear. Her arms were bare half-way to the elbow, her head hatless.

"How's the missis?" she asked, feeling in her pocket for the money.

"Humph!" It was no more than a grunt.

"Gone to Lewes?" she persisted, bringing forth a silver sixpence.

Another grunt, yet seeming to express assent.

"Think Jim'll come 'ome?" she asked, laying a penny on the counter beside the sixpence.

"Dunno, Sal."

"I marked off the time on an almanack," she said. "It's been a awful long time. S'pose she won't miss him."

"Take your oath mother won't miss him! Another penny."

"What time d'ye expect her?"

"Six."

"I must 'ave them shoes to-night," said Sal.

"Dunno."

"Tell you, must. Look 'ere, I'll call at seven, see! You'll 'ave 'em ready." She brought forth the second penny.

As Sal left the shop, Bunning dipped his hand into a wooden box, picked up some more nails, put them into his mouth, and took his hammer.

If the sole of the boot had been the head of the magistrate who sentenced Jim, he could not have struck it with greater energy.

The sun shone on the oblong pieces of leather in the window; he could hear the waves beating on the beach at the street-end, a few hundred yards away. Bunning's hammer rose and fell; as soon as one boot was clumped he took another, but his stiffly bearded, furrowed face did not move a muscle.

After dinner he took Sal's down-at-heel shoes. "There ain't no 'arm in the gal," he muttered, as he placed it on the iron foot. "Mother must ha' met him afore now," he added, cutting a piece of leather roughly in the shape of the heel.

Then he stood staring at the sunny roadway. "If she's rough on him, he'll turn it up," he said.

Sal passed the window. A few minutes later she opened the door wide enough to admit her head. "Ain't done 'cm yet, I s'pose?"

"Ain't 'ardly begun 'em."

"Thought you might."

"Come in."

Sal entered the shop, closed the door, and rested her elbows on the counter.

"No, you didn't," said Bunning.

"Didn't what?"

"Think I might ha' done 'em."

"S' help me—"

"Mother's met Jim afore now, Sal."

Her dark eyes seemed to grow more luminous.

"Ow bloomin' long the day do seem!" she said.

"Yes, it do," Bunning agreed.

"Think Jim'll come 'ome, Mr. Bunning?"

"I dunno—didn't I tell you? How should I know? Mother herself dunno. 'Don't you go flying out at him,' I says—"

"She can fly out," said Sal ruefully.

"Can so—can mother."

"She let me 'ave it—scorching. 'Twasn't my fault. I never wanted nothing to do with Bill. Jim did baste him, tho', no error! He's powerful strong. What time d'ye expect her?"

"Six."

"You'll have them shoes ready by seven?"

"Have 'em by five."

She went away, and Bunning began to set up her heels. It was his last job that afternoon. About four o'clock he became restless, and tried to read Sunday's paper. Laying it aside presently, he began to clear a space beneath the counter against which Sal had leaned.

"I'll get his bench ready, anyways," Bunning muttered. Selecting a likely looking pair from a pile of miscellaneous boots and shoes, he placed one of them on a second iron foot. "A nice light job to start on to-morrow mornin'," he said.

Soon after five he began to make more active preparations. Under the cushion of an arm-chair in the room behind the shop was a table-cloth. It came into Mrs. Bunning's hands many years ago, and, though seldom used, had become grey from much washing. Carefully unfolding

it, he placed it over the sloping table, afterwards trying to remove his thumbmarks by friction.

For she was very particular; the humble room looked scrupulously clean; everything was in its proper place: woe betide the disturber!

She had been a good wife to John Bunning, as she often told him, but she knew not reticence. She had a hazy kind of suspicion that if she had not attempted to wean Jim from Sal by expatiating on that young woman's preference for Bill Lane, the boy would never have committed the assault or have been himself committed.

"I on'y 'ope mother won't pitch it too strong," Bunning muttered, as he arranged three black-handled knives and forks—one pair at the head of the table, another at the foot, the third on one side.

At a quarter to six he put on a greasy cap and set forth. In his right hand he carried two plates, in his left a quart jug.

Many bareheaded children, some also barefooted, were shouting and playing in the road. It was the season for tops. For squalor the street was bad to beat, yet there was the sea glistening in the sunshine beyond, while smart carriages drove past its end one after another.

Standing before the door of the Red Lion was Sal. Her arm was linked in another girl's, also clad in a dirty cotton frock, with an apron turned up on one side and hair dressed in the same elaborate fashion, but the colour of flax. Polly giggled at a young man who leaned against the lamp-post smoking, but Sal's eyes were fixed on Bunning's shop-door.

"Come yet?" she asked, as he was entering the Red Lion.

"Tain't time," he replied, disappearing.

"I'll carry it for you," she said, when he came forth carrying a foaming jug of beer.

A few doors before his own was a shop which possessed immense attractiveness. There was an enormous capital letter on each of its three windows—

S. P. O.;

beneath, in smaller characters—

Sausages, Potatoes, and Onions Always Ready.

One window contained a dish of sliced brown potatoes, another curly strips of onions, the third a large tray with gas-jets beneath and a dozen or two of sausages always frizzling.

Sal stayed outside while Bunning entered. The plates, one covering the other, emitted fragrant odours when he came into the street again.

"Ain't you a-doin' it swell!" cried Sal.

"You see, we wanted him to feel at 'ome like," he said, adding, as he reached his own door, "Your shoes is ready."

"I'll fetch 'em at seven," she answered. "Think Jim'll come, Mr. Bunning?"

"Didn't I tell you—?"

She walked away.

Entering the back room, Bunning placed the plates in the middle of the table. Raising the cover, he took a fork and arranged the six smoking, brown sausages more uniformly, the potatoes and onions forming a surrounding dyke.

Covering them again, he looked up at the clock which hung beside the mantelpiece.

"Mother must be getting near."

Taking his stand by the door, he watched that which led to the street through its glazed upper portion. His heart thumped in a peculiar and unaccustomed manner against his ribs. A strangely wistful expression came into his eyes, the like no man or woman ever saw there.

"Gawd!" he said, his nearest approach to a prayer. The clock ticked on; its larger weight fell imperceptibly. Bunning stood at the door watching with a big lump in his throat; the foam disappeared from the beer, the sausages grew cold.

Presently the handle of the outer door rattled; a tall, sparely built woman entered the shop. Her face was long and thin-lipped; but the cheeks seemed to be bulged forward by her tightly tied bonnet-strings.

"Hullo, mother!" said Bunning.

She turned her back on him to close the door.

"You've come alone?" he added.

"Can't you give a person time to breathe?" she answered irritably.

"Where's your cloak?" he asked, as she entered the room.

"D'ye think I could leave him without a fardin'? I never knew anyone like you, John. Your own son and never a penny-piece."

Bunning rubbed his forehead.

"You did see him then, mother?"

"Of course I see him. Didn't I go to see him?"

"You see, you went to bring him 'ome, mother."

"I 'nt that wore out I don't know how to bear myself," she said, "and not a mossel to eat all day." She lifted the plate off the sausages. "Of course, I knew how it'd be if I left it to you. Cold, every one of 'em. Do sit down!"

He sat down, and digging a fork into one of the sausages transferred it to his plate.

"Do have one," he said. "Try and peck a bit. Look at them inyun's now—"

"How you can think of victuals and that boy—anyhow," she added with an air of satisfaction, "I just give him a bit of my mind."

"I thought p'r'aps you did," said Bunning, pushing away his untouched plate.

"To see him coming along a-laughing as if he'd been and done

some-thing clever—it did rile me, just. He comes along, and, before I could speak a word, ‘How’s Sal?’ he arsts. Then I ups and tells him what I thought. ‘Sal,’ I says, ‘Sal’s a —’”

“I dunno there’s any ‘arm about the gal, mother.”

“She’s a bad ‘un,” said Mrs. Bunning. “A man don’t see it in a gal, though he’s old enough to be her father. Anyways, I told Jim just what I meant.”

“Then he ain’t a-coming ‘ome?”

“You’ll never see Jim no more,” she said.

“Pity, though.”

“It’s ‘ard on me.”

“Yes, there’s no denying of it. It’s ‘ard on you, mother,” he admitted. “P’raps, if you ‘adn’t spoke your mind now, eh? He might— You see, I cleared his bench and fixed a light job ready to begin on in the morning. Thinks I, ‘if he’ll only start off arter breakfast’—but you don’t think he’ll come, mother?”

“He said he’d cut his throat first!”

“Humph! I suppose you did give it him straight!”

“Oh, I dunno what I did!”

She began to weep.

“I’ve a mind to go out a bit,” Bunning said, and took his cap and went into the shop. As he drew near the outer door Sal came in.

“I’ve come for them shoes,” she said.

Taking a piece of soiled newspaper, he bent to wrap them up on his knees.

“There y’are, Sal.”

“I did pay you, Mr. Bunning.”

“All right.”

“Mrs. Bunning come back yet?” she asked on the threshold.

“She come alone.”

“Did she? Ain’t Jim coming?” Sal asked.

Bunning shook his head.

“Never no more?” she persisted.

“Never no more, gal.”

A more observant man might have noticed how quickly her bosom rose and fell.

“S’pose he didn’t ‘appen to say nothing about me?”

Bunning passed a grimy hand over his forehead.

“Perhaps he’ll turn up?” she suggested.

He shook his head. For a few moments they stood staring at one another.

“Good night,” she said.

“Good night, Sal.”

“I wish I’d gone to Lewes,” she added in the street.

“Just as well, maybe.”

“I hadn’t got the coin, you see. Not more’n half.”

He stood watching as she crossed the street. He saw her enter the pawnshop a little way down, and come out without the shoes. Then she went into the Red Lion.

Bunning filled his short clay pipe, and walked stolidly down the street towards the sea. Now and then he was stopped by the children playing on the pavement. It was a beautiful evening, the sun sinking into the sea, extending blue until it met the heavens on the horizon.

Bunning lighted his pipe and leaned against the railing watching a small tan-coloured sail. In front of him was the calm expanse of sea, gradually darkening; behind, mother crying at home, Jim a jail-bird and an outcast, Sal fuddling herself at the Red Lion. And to-morrow he must get up early to sole the boots shirked to-day. He cocked his head on one side and stared up at the earliest star.

“It’s a rummy kind o’ world,” he said.

A REMARKABLE PIANO.

An important step has been taken by Messrs. Chappell and Co. in the war waged between English and German manufacturers of pianos. It consists in perfecting the iron frame. It seems but just that we, the pioneers of the modern world in metal-work, should have the honour of the advance. In making a piano for Lord Amherst, extraordinary care was taken in designing and casting a metal frame perfect in proportion and graceful in shape. The task involved not only great skill in designing, but in the actual casting. The result is a triumph. The piano, a boudoir grand, when opened, looks charming, owing to the graceful turn given to the ribs of the frame and the artistic designing of the apertures by which it is arranged that the air shall come freely to and from the sounding-board. Of course, the metal-work is richly gilded. The result is that one gazes in pleasure at a charming piece of metal-work. The effect of the perfect proportioning of the frame on the tone is very great. Power has been added to the instrument, and an extraordinary freedom of vibration. One can get quite a pedal bass effect by striking one of the lower notes strongly—it will, unless voluntarily checked, continue sounding while quite a long phrase founded on it is being worked out, and the effect is delightful. The singing quality is greatly increased. So pleased are the makers with the beauty and power of the instrument, and its freedom from the change in timbre found in most transverse-strung pianos in the note crossed by the bass rib, that they have laid down complete plant for turning out a large number of instruments identical in model with the one made for Lord Amherst, and very soon there will be offered by them to the public instruments which show a really remarkable advance in the art of piano-making, an art that already seemed almost to have arrived at perfection.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE BRITANNIA.

The good people of Hoxton were out marketing in long streets lined with barrows. There were mingled odours of lamp-oil and fried fish, and the natives were not pleased to see silk-hatted invaders. “If you git in my wye, I’ll knock your — ‘ed auf,” said a perfect



MRS. SARA LANE.

Photo by Houghton, Margate.

gentleman; and I called his attention to the fact that my head was not in the condition he mentioned, and that it would take a man to knock it “auf.” Whereupon he said that he had his living to get, or would devote part of the evening to showing me what he was made of. From which it will be evident that bounce is not unknown in Hoxton. It was Saturday night, and our destination was the Britannia Theatre, so I did not stay to argue the matter with the ungentele coster.

Within the theatre an audience of three thousand people had assembled to witness a melodrama and a farce. Strictly speaking, they saw two farces, but believed the evidence of the programme, and took the first one seriously.

Mr. Crauford, manager of the theatre and nephew of Mrs. Sara Lane, the popular proprietress, had kindly kept in

the stage-box, to reach which we had to pass over the stage on the O.P. side. What an audience it was! With the solitary exception of our box, there was, apparently, no standing-room in the house; up in the gallery the people seemed fastened to the ceiling; in the slips and the pit they were packed; stalls were as crowded, and the audience came right up to the stage, for the orchestra does not extend all along. Just below us several girls were leaning against the wires, and had placed their hats and cloaks on the boards whereon vice and virtue were contending.

We were obvious deadheads, but those patrons of the drama were not proud. Before we had been in our seats five minutes, one pretty young lady looked up, nodded a welcome, and invited me to share the saveloy she had recently purchased. Then two or three more took an interest in us, and leaned over into our box, and were very friendly. Some of the gentlemen accompanying them were not quite pleased at this, and one who, in the excitement of coming to the theatre, had forgotten to put a coat on, endeavoured to create a hostile demonstration. He never had a chance. The lady who had first greeted me told him to “dry up at once,” and he remained dry until the *entr’acte*.

Who shall adequately describe the scene when the curtain fell on the first part of the play? Strong men without coats, and with huge baskets on each arm, came among the audience, and dispensed sandwiches, saveloys, bread, pasties, ginger-beer, and oranges. The management evidently recognised that hunger is as possible as thirst in a theatre, and many a sturdy Briton supped off saveloys to an accompaniment of music from the orchestra and shrill whistles from those who were not hungry or lacked the means of obtaining refreshment. One or two babies cried, some ladies and gentlemen sang; all were merry and sober.

Mr. Crauford took us to his room and ran briefly through the history of the place. Charles Dickens has referred to it in “The Uncommercial Traveller.” Sir Walter Besant has coined the word “Britanniaoxton.” The natives call it “Brit.” Mr. Lane was a Devonshire man, and came up to London when the place was the Britannia Saloon. He entered into possession about fifty-five years ago, and rebuilt the house in 1858. His widow, Mrs. Sara Lane, is one of the richest and most popular of theatrical lessees, and was, in her day, a sprightly comédienne. The company is a stock one, and some of the actors have been performing at the theatre for more than forty years. The average time that every man, woman, and child has been employed in the theatre—including painters, stage hands, and orchestra—is twelve years and a half, a fact that speaks volumes for Mrs. Lane’s goodness and popularity. The aggregate of service amounts to 1350 years. There have been but three managers in the half-century of establishment—Mrs. Lane’s father, her brother-in-law, and her nephew, Mr. Crauford, who, although a young man, has been fifteen years in his present position.

He told me that the audience is a local one for everything but pantomime, that it is well-behaved, but very exacting, requiring frequent change and very strong fare. Sometimes a rowdy element came in, but the janitors were strong and numerous. Only temperance drinks were served in the auditorium, but there were others to be had at the bars. He took us over the house, and of all parts the gallery was the most interesting. Admission costs threepence, and the patrons are among the poorest people in a poor neighbourhood. Coats were scanty, waistcoats few and far between, collars and neckties practically unknown, but happiness seemed universal. There was a pathetic interest in the presence of hard-worked, anæmic-looking young boys and girls, who, after the hard week’s labour in factories, were enjoying their evening together. I stood close to a couple of girls whose united ages must have been well under thirty. Indeed, one looked about twelve or thirteen. They were sharing one pennyworth of refreshment with keen relish. They had four hours’ solid amusement and their supper for an expenditure of threepence-halfpenny apiece, and doubtless this small sum took a time to collect. I spent five or six minutes in the gallery, and was deeply impressed. I shall go to “Britanniaoxton” again.—S. L. B.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The tendency to get ahead of the times, the general "rush" of the present age, is responsible for the developed antipathy of spectators to slow cricket. One who has closely watched the trend of affairs must easily note the difference between the sleepy resignation of the past and the indignant remonstrance of the present.

To cricketers of the old-fashioned school, this insatiable desire for free-hitting is regrettable. They urge, and not without reason, that the bowler's art is for ever improving, while there can be no corresponding development of the science of batting.

When they go further, and assert that the public has no right to make its own bill of fare, I am not altogether with them. It is the



HIGHLAND REEL BY PIPERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

public who made and who sustain county cricket, especially in so far as the professionals are concerned. It is the professionals who play the slow game, the game which causes jeers among the spectators, and which is apt to put the batsman out of his mood for play.

I do not suggest that it is the correct thing to hit fours off every ball. But there is a medium between reckless smiting and supreme stonewalling, and most of our amateur batsmen appear to have struck it. There is scarcely any necessity to mention names, since the performers are known so well, but I may advance, as an instance of my assertion, that Mr. Harry Donnan, the Australian, was freely chaffed at Leeds for a remarkable example of stonewalling.

As a matter of fact, the Australians are a peculiarly curious lot in the matter of style. There is not a single free-hitter among them, and the people are sighing for the presence of a Lyons or a Bonnor. Darling, who had been freely advertised in the preliminary announcements as a bit of a smiter, is playing as cautiously as a professional with an eye on the average-list. Graham and Trott occasionally hit hard, but the motto of the team would appear to be steadiness, and not brilliance.

We had neither quality when the Australians were so sensationally bowled out at Lord's by the M.C.C. for the very small total of 18 runs. These are the kind of things which happen once or twice in a lifetime, and it is not a little remarkable that, in looking back for a parallel, we should light on the M.C.C. innings for 19 against the Australians in 1878. Of course, no wicket, in whatever state it be in, can excuse or explain such collapses. They do not bear analysis. They are things to be talked about and to make men wonder.

After their battle against England at Lord's, the Australians will to-morrow (Thursday) put in appearance at Notts, and I sincerely trust that the importance of the occasion will induce the lax Nottingham folk to worthily patronise the county ground. There is now no reason why they should not, for not only is the Lacc-town team performing in more successful style than usually, but the rate of run-getting has been advancing by leaps and bounds.

At Brighton, Sussex v. Oxford University will, I suppose, furnish the customary heavy scoring. Cambridge will be engaged with the M.C.C. at Lord's, but it is the county fixtures which will engage most attention. Surrey and Middlesex at the Oval is always a grand fixture, as much from the keen rivalry as from the equal ability of the sides. At Bristol, Lancashire ought to beat Gloucestershire, but Yorkshire are not likely to have things all their own way at Derbyshire.

Monday next will be a terrifically busy day. Surrey go to Southampton, where they ought to repeat their Oval victory over Hampshire; Somerset at Taunton may conquer their near neighbours, Gloucestershire, who are putting some poor teams into the field; Lancashire should conquer Middlesex at home; Essex may lose at Leyton to that steadily improving team Warwickshire; Kent ought to overcome Notts at Beckenham

now that their best men are available; and Derbyshire will probably beat Leicestershire. Yorkshire try the Australians for the third time, and Oxford will have a final trial with the M.C.C.

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday last the English Rugby Football Team left Waterloo for the Cape of Good Hope, the main part of the journey being negotiated on the Union liner *Tartar*. That the trip will be successful from a social point of view is to be expected after the enjoyable time spent by Lord Hawke's combination of cricketers; but I am not so certain that they will meet with the series of triumphs experienced by the fifteen which represented the Mother Country in South Africa on the previous occasion.

No exception can be taken to J. F. Byrne, who will occupy the position of full-back. Byrne is an international, and one of the best men that England has had at her command for many a year. His understudy will be C. A. Boyd, of Trinity College, Dublin. Ireland also supplies two of the three-quarters in S. Lee and L. Bulger, who will have for partners O. G. Mackie, of Cambridge University, and C. C. Robinson, of Northumberland. That should be a fairly powerful back division, and with L. P. Bell and M. Mullineaux, of Cambridge University, at half, the defence ought to inspire respect. I am glad to see that the halves are club-mates. To my mind, this should be the greatest essential in a representative team.

Forward there are J. Hammond, of Richmond, R. C. Mullins and W. J. Carey, of Oxford, W. Mortimer and A. F. Todd, of Cambridge, J. Magee, A. D. Clinch, T. J. Crean, and J. Sealy, of Ireland, F. Hancock, of Somerset, and G. W. Lee, of Northumberland. With Mr. Roger Walker as manager of the combination, not much doubt need be expressed as to the success of the serious part of the tour.

ATHLETICS.

Many of our large City firms have such an army of employees that they can get up an athletic gathering on a large scale wholly within themselves. That was the case with those employed in the well-known firm of Mr. Lipton, the famous vendor of all the edibles and eatables that make life worth living. The sports took place during the annual picnic at the country residence of Mr. Lipton at Osidge, Southgate, who not only paid the piper, but presented the prizes. Foot and cycle races for ladies and gentlemen formed part of the programme. Nor must one forget the open-air concert, which included such distinguished performers as the Marchioness of Breadalbane, who, with the Marquis, was one of the guests of a highly successful party. The pipers of the Scots Guards contributed to the general enjoyment.

AQUATICS.

Now that the Yale crew are in England interest in the forthcoming Henley Regatta is growing remarkably keen. There is no doubt but that we have a great deal to fear from the American boatmen. There is no comparison between them and the Cornell crew which visited us last season, and if Yale win the Grand Challenge Cup, which is the only race to be entered for, they will, I am sure, receive such applause as may for the moment make them think they are among their own followers.

The Yale crew is composed of Messrs. R. B. Treadway (No. 7, captain), G. Langford (stroke), J. M. Longacre (No. 6), P. H. Bailey



THE SACK RACE AT LIPTON'S SPORTS.

(No. 5), J. O. Rodgers (No. 4), J. H. Simpson (bow), W. M. Beard (No. 3), A. Brown junior (No. 2), and Clarke (cox.). Mr. Treadway, who is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 ft. 11½ in., and weighs 12 st. 7 lb. The heaviest man in the boat, however, is Beard, who

turns the scale at 13 st. 2 lb.; the tallest rowers are Langford and Brown junior, both 6 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the oldest Brown junior and Longacre, twenty-three years of age.

The crew are, I am glad to say, enthusiastic in their task, and are fairly confident of success. It will be interesting to know that their stroke will be 38. The men are staying at Marsh Mill House, which is not far from Henley, and they are daily to be seen practising on the Thames.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Prince of Wales has too many engagements to go racing this week, but he has promised to be present at the Newmarket First July Meeting, which opens next Tuesday, and he will, as usual, quietly occupy his apartments at the Jockey Club Rooms—a contrast, by-the-by, to the olden times when royalty visited the Heath. Newmarket Races in the olden time were a scene of great gaiety and splendour, and lasted ten days. The Kings of England used to go to Newmarket in great state, and there is no question of a doubt that Oliver Cromwell liked horse-racing, the same as he did other sports, and witnessed Newmarket Races. After the attempt to assassinate the King, on his return from Newmarket, at Broxbourne, and which is known as the "Rye House Plot," the Kings of England were escorted down by the Life Guards, and another regiment of cavalry and a battalion of Foot Guards were encamped on Newmarket Heath during the stay of the King.

The chronicler of the time of William III. states that his Majesty started at eight in the morning from Kensington Palace to go to Newmarket to see the races, accompanied by divers of the nobility and gentry, Prince George of Denmark, and Count Tallant, the French Ambassador. His Majesty went through the City in great state, and went on to Copt Hall, in Essex, the residence of the Duke of Dorset, where he was to dine and stay the night. His Majesty arrived at Newmarket the next night at nine o'clock. The following morning his Majesty was up early and hunted a hare, but without much pleasure, there being such numbers present it was impossible to run a hundred yards without starting others and changing. The Chancellor and heads of the Colleges of the University of Cambridge waited on his Majesty, and were very favourably received.

The next day being Sunday, his Majesty went in state to church, the sword of state being carried before the King by the Duke of Richmond. On the Monday there was a great match between his Majesty's horse, Stiff Dick, and Lord Wharton's Careless over five miles, 9 stone each, and, notwithstanding that 7 to 4 was laid against Stiff Dick, he beat the other easily.

The next day the King went to the great Cock Match for £500, his Majesty having Prince George on his right and the French Ambassador on his left. The races finished up by a match for £500 between the King's horse, Turk, and Lord Carlisle's Spot, and although odds of 2 and 3 to 1 were laid against Turk, his Majesty's horse won, hard held, and could have beaten Spot three hundred yards. The reporter of the period states that there was a world of money lost over Spot and nearly all the other races by the old jockeys, and they were mightily out of pocket, the odds being floored in most instances.

I believe the new electric indicator now in force at Kempton Park is to be adopted at most of the suburban meetings. It is useful to know directly any horse has been weighed out for a race, and it helps to break the monotony of the waits. I do not see why the machine could not be used as a big advertising medium. No one would object to see every other line being devoted to the puffing of pills, sauces, and soap. If this wrinkle were adopted the Clerks of Courses might make a big sum. Then they would give us our race-cards for nothing.

One of the big plungers has had to pay the ring large sums of late; but he has done this cheerfully and without a murmur. For my part, I like to hear of big plungers losing money on the turf, for, in my opinion, it helps to prove that all is square and aboveboard on the turf just now. Of course, any man who bets on every race must expect to tumble across some losers, and yet a big penciller once assured me that it was quite as easy to back as to lay to figures.

Although the Northumberland Plate is now a poor race, the Gosforth Park Meeting attracts the Northerners in their thousands, and the company pays a good dividend. It is a pity that the racecourse is so far from the big training centres, as it is one of the best tracks in the country. True, many of the Scotch trainers patronise Gosforth Park, but they have nothing better than platers in their stables. Luckily, Lords Zetland, Londonderry, and Durham and Mr. James Lowther send a few horses to the Northern Meeting, or Newmarket would often be without a representative at the fixture.

I have once more noticed of late that some horses are run in heavy shoes. At one meeting an animal was made favourite, but finished nowhere. I happened to get a view of his feet after his return to the paddock, and I saw the horse had not been plated at all, but, as a matter of fact, had on heavier shoes than those in ordinary use. If a notice something like the following, "No. — runs in heavy shoes," had been put on the board before betting commenced, I will guarantee the horse would not have been backed for a penny-piece by the public. It is a remarkable fact that horses often run in heavy shoes, and none of the big backers are any the wiser, although, I fancy, the layers are at times.

DEATH OF THE CHIMPANZEE "JACK."

Last week *The Sketch* biographed the chimpanzee called "Pat," who is such a pet at the Zoo. This week it has to record the death of another chimpanzee, called "Jack," which has taken place at Avery Hill, the late Colonel North's place. "Jack" had an interesting history. Early last year he came into the possession of Dr. Nitch Smith, surgeon to the troopship No. 7, which was at that time at Sierra Leone. One day "Jack" and his mother were ensconced in a garden. A gunshot surprised the old lady, who forgot her maternity and bolted, leaving poor little "Jack" behind. So the baby, who was then a year old, fell into Dr. Smith's hands. It was lucky that he did so, for the little creature was suffering from inflammation of the air-passages. By constant nursing and medical treatment, exactly as a child of a similar age would

have been attended to, "Jack" weathered the voyage, and was landed in this country at the end of March in fairly good condition. The animal was a great pet during his life on board ship. He was allowed to be exhibited at several of the West Indian islands. For example, at Kingston, Jamaica, he was waited on at the museum by a large number of visitors. The number of people who signed the visitors' book was a record never reached before. "Jack" was about three feet in height—the adult chimpanzee attains to about five feet, and has been known to live nearly as long as man. He was almost covered with hair, which was thickest on the dorsal surfaces and on the extensor aspects of the limbs. His face, palms, and soles of his feet were quite naked. His ears very

much resembled those of the human being, but differed in several details. His teeth, which were in good preservation, numbered twenty-four, and were frequently shown when the ape was amused, and especially when he was tickled. After "Jack's" arrival in London he was handed over to the Royal Aquarium management, where he attracted a large number of visitors. During his exhibition there he had two bad attacks of bronchitis, for which he was treated in the orthodox manner. It was at the Aquarium that the late Colonel North became acquainted with the child ape, and he at once took a great fancy to the little animal, who soon found his way to Avery Hill, where he became a general favourite. It was one of the Colonel's delights to take Dr. Smith to the Winter Gardens to see whether "Jack" would recognise him, which he invariably did. But "Jack" has not long outlived Colonel North. The result of the autopsy has not yet been published; but the opinion is that, had the operation of tracheotomy been performed, the ape's life would have been saved.

The chimpanzee is one of the anthropoid or man-like apes. He is tailless, hands and feet devoid of hair, very little hair on face. Compared with man's, his shoulders are a greater breadth. The arms are longer and the muscles more powerfully developed; the muscles of the legs are ill-developed, and the lower extremities are shorter than in man. The chimpanzee inhabits the interior of Africa, where it exists on indigenous fruits and roots, and has a simple home in the large branches or fork of a tree. His intelligence is remarkable and memory prodigious, for he recognises, even after an absence of months, his owner as one who has befriended him. The principal folds which are known to exist in the human brain are well defined in the brain of the chimpanzee; but they are not so deep. Of all known apes the chimpanzee is undoubtedly that which in walk, anatomical organisation, and intelligence approaches nearest the human species. The differences in the adult ape and the adult human are much less marked in the infancy of both types.



DR. NITCH SMITH AND "JACK."

AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"And you really attended the Queen's reception in London? The men, I suppose, stand uncovered in the presence of royalty?"

"Yes, but not to the same extent as the women."—*Life*.

THE OPERA.

"Tannhäuser" was given at Covent Garden yesterday week, and Madame Lola Beeth was Elizabeth. This was the second occasion during the season upon which this young singer made her appearance, and she certainly succeeded then in improving the already favourable impression which she had before been able to make by her interpretation of Sieglinde. It would be absurd to say this young artist has yet sufficiently matured her powers to produce a conviction of completion or of ultimate excellence; she has still to advance, to make progress in her art, and to improve upon the promise which is already indicated by her vitality, her sincerity, and her already considerable achievement. Her Elizabeth, for example, has moments of great beauty; she has the sentiment and the purity of the part thoroughly realised, and her voice is not wanting either in sweetness or in power; she shows her partial lack of maturity in a tendency to lower the pitch when any sudden strain is put upon her voice by the orchestra. That this is scarcely owing to any radical deficiency of ear may be satisfactorily proved from the fact that in all unaccompanied passages this tendency is quite unnoticeable. It was most noticeable, it may be said, in her singing of Elizabeth's Prayer. Let it be added that she has a charming presence, and that her operatic acting is full of dignity.

Thursday night saw the reappearance of Madame Melba at Covent Garden, whose coming—as Juliette in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette"—was hailed with rapture by an overwhelmingly enthusiastic crowd. It is seldom, indeed, that such scenes are possible at the London Opera. An Italian versed in the ways of Southern fervour, who has learned from his grandfathers the story of the triumphant procession through Venice of a wild crowd carrying Rossini on their shoulders after the production of "Tancredi," or another who himself may have been present at that scene of the production of Verdi's "Attila" in the same city, would scarcely be inclined to allow that the Covent Garden applause on Thursday was really enthusiastic. Yet, for London, it may rightly be described as frantic. And, what is more, Melba thoroughly deserved all that she got. She sang divinely; her voice may, indeed, be said to have arrived now at its highest pitch of perfection; more from it she cannot expect, and she would be, indeed, over-ambitious if she should even desire more. Its purity, its flexibility, its ripeness, its facility, are individually marvellous qualities, but, united, they easily classify her as the first soprano singer now living. Her voice-production is alone a musical education, and particularly in the difficult part of Juliette, which she sang on this occasion without a flaw or spot in the radiance of



MADAME LOLA BEETH AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHÄUSER."

Photo by Dupont, New York.

its perfection. The rest of the performance was even finer than on the opening night of the season, an interpretation which was then discussed in this column. Jean de Reszke's Roméo, Plançon's Capulet, and Edouard de Reszke's Frère Laurent were all memorably sung and acted, while Signor Mancinelli conducted with only just a little less than his customary superlative excellence.

"ESMERALDA."

The students of the Guildhall School of Music produced on Thursday last, at Drury Lane, under the direction of Mr. Neill O'Donovan, the late Arthur Goring Thomas's opera, "Esmeralda," the libretto of which was written by Messrs. Randegger and Marzials. The Carl Rosa Opera Company first performed this work in 1883, with considerable success, and the work has since even had a reputation in Germany, particularly



SIGNOR ANCONA AS WOLFRAM IN "TANNHÄUSER."

Photo by Dupont, New York.

at Cologne. It is generally understood that the critic is not permitted to judge of these scholastic interpretations by the same high ideal as he would judge a serious professional performance. Hence the difficulty of saying anything at all in regard to such an interpretation which will not be open to serious misunderstanding. It may safely be said, however, that there were no young geniuses to impress the critic or to elate the manager. Miss Jessie Bradford, indeed, who took the principal part of Esmeralda, has a sweet voice, and her ear is true; but in so large a theatre as Drury Lane it was impossible to judge of her real vocal quality. Indeed, with the one exception of Mr. Griffith-Percy, it was the unnatural relation between the size of the voices and the size of the theatre which everywhere baffled the most willing critic. In the case of Mr. Griffith-Percy it must be said that, although his voice is powerful and possesses a massive quality, the unaccustomed nature of his surroundings compelled him so constantly to sing out of tune as to fill the listening ear with torture. The chorus did its best to sing carefully and conscientiously, and it certainly acted with simplicity and earnestness. The principals, on the other hand, seemed to think it necessary to adopt the best-known operatic conventions—hands clasped on heart or brow, emphatic swingings of cloak, and the rest—but, it must be said, with somewhat unconvincing results.

SOME KENTISH TALES.

One of the best volumes of the "Keynotes Series" (Lane)—best in a simple, unpretentious way—is E. Nesbit's "In Homespun." It is a collection of Kentish tales, and written, the writer will have it, in dialect, though "it lacks uniformity in the misplacement of aspirates, and lacks, too, strange words misunderstood of the reader." "The cup of the hills holds no untroubled pool of pastoral speech." Assuredly no apology is needed for that a glossary is not a necessity. Provided we get human nature in our stories, few of us are so geographically minded as to care very much to know the exact parish in which it grew. These are genuine country stories, honestly reflecting the goodness and the cynicism of English rustics, the hardness and the sweetness of their lives, and speaking more from their point of view than from that of the looker-on from London in search of the picturesque. So far as the simplicity of their form is concerned, they are a return to the manner of Miss Mitford; only they face sad facts more courageously, and have a harder grip of things.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 9.19; to-morrow, 9.19; Friday, 9.19; Saturday, 9.19; June 28, 9.19; June 29, 9.19; June 30, 9.18.

If nature permitted, it is as likely as not that a child would cycle itself in its own bassinette; the great wheel craze has worked itself down to the youngest among us. Here is a little lady of five, hailing



A YOUTHFUL CYCLIST.

Photo by Salmon, Winchester.

from Winchester, who is such an expert wheelwoman that she can thread her way with safety through the most crowded streets of her native town, requiring no help either to mount or dismount. She had her cycle made specially for her, the down tube being only twelve inches long.

An interesting article, "Cycling in the High Alps," by C. F. Simond, appears in the current number of the *Badminton Magazine*. The writer and a friend covered some six hundred miles in three weeks, and passed through the most lovely parts of the mountains. He can conscientiously recommend such a ride to any enthusiastic cyclists "who do not mind hard work and roughing it considerably." Cyclists contemplating a tour on the Continent should read this article.

And still they come. The output of books dealing with cycling is becoming serious. Two of the best that have come under my notice are Lillias Campbell Davidson's "Handbook for Lady Cyclists" (Hay Nisbet and Co., Bouverie Street), and "Bicycling for Ladies," by Miss E. J. Erskine (Iliffe and Son, St. Bride Street). Lillias Campbell Davidson is President of the Lady-Cyclists' Association, and her book contains, besides much useful information, an excellent diagram of a bicycle, stripped. The name of every part of the machine is given and indicated. There are sixty-nine parts in all, and the book is worth buying if only for the sake of this diagram. The author has had "practical experience of every phase of cycling for the last twelve years," and thoroughly understands her subject. She approves of the rational dress. In "Bicycling for Ladies," Miss Erskine mentions various points not referred to in "Lady Cyclists," but her many references to business-houses read very like advertisements.

O Scotland, Scotland, how thou art fallen! Here is a minister, to wit, the Rev. Charles Mackie, of Drumoak, Aberdeenshire, holding a cycle service on the Sabbath, for he has been preaching on the "Philosophy of bicycles." Both male and female "pushers of the pedal" had assembled in their hundreds in order to be present at this "bicycle service," and they heard many things which they had not heard before. The preacher told them, for instance, that the omnipresent bicycle was to be seen on every road of human interest. To fasten the State to old institutions, methods, usages, laws, and conditions was to run the risk of a nasty spill. It was equally idiotic, and dangerous also, to poke into the wheel of the Church. Furthermore, the bicycle had one

important characteristic, which in heathen times might well have raised it to be one of the highest and most expressive symbols of the divine in nature. This characteristic was "unstable equilibrium made stable by progressive motion." It is said that the congregation were amazed at what they heard.

Good news for graphic artists! Some of them have complained that bicycling shakes them up too much. How can a man draw sufficiently skilfully for his work to be published in *The Sketch* after his hands and arms have been shaken as by an electric battery for an hour or two? Well, the artist's bicycle will soon be in the public view. The handle-bar answers to the roughest jolting as if it sprang from a socket of indiarubber, or was itself elastic. More will be heard of this invention immediately.

I have frequently alluded to ladies' cycling-dresses; the burning question now is, what to wear in the way of headgear? I was told, the other day, by an American friend of the last new thing in New York. I will try to describe it, as it is considered quite a thing of beauty. The shape, which is Tyrolese, is in light felt or straw; it is trimmed with a band of ribbon and a white quill (very commonplace, you will think); but here comes the novelty: the quill rises from a miniature bicycle-wheel, with a rubber tyre and most natural-looking spokes! I doubt if such a piece of realism in adornment will "catch on" this side of the water.

A more ordinary but, I should say, decidedly a more becoming shape is trimmed simply with a band of ribbon and a few quills. The ribbon may be in college or regimental colours, or simply a plain colour to match the colour of the machine.

I have often been asked if I could suggest a good bicycle-tour in North Wales. Last week I mentioned a very pleasant ride that I took with two friends, and now I should like to suggest the following tour, which would need a little longer time and might tempt some of my readers to start at once. Go by Great Western Railway to Llangollen, and then take to the road at Corwen, Cerrig-y-druiddion, Pentrevoelas, and Bettws-y-Coed. If ladies have time to spare, a stop may be made at Corwen or Pentrevoelas, where comfortable quarters can be found. The road is excellent all the way, and the views are charming. When you come down from Pentrevoelas to Bettws-y-Coed a magnificent scene presents itself. In front the massive Siabod rears its stately head, and glimpses of Snowdon in the distance may be obtained. From Bettws-y-Coed ride on to Capel Curig, and then on, ten miles in all, to Pen-y-gwryd—mentioned in last week's *Sketch* as a charmingly quaint mountain hotel—the station for Snowdon, where every comfort will be found under the motherly care of Mrs. Owen. This was a favourite haunt of Charles Kingsley, Tom Taylor, and Tom Hughes. A lovely run down Nant-gwynant and its lake will bring you to Beddgelert, thence to Portmadoc.

On fine nights the roads of Kensington and other London suburbs seem to be transformed into temporary schooling grounds for aspiring cyclists. As you flit by in a hansom you may see looming in the flickering gas-light the helpless form of some fair maiden, some frisky widow, or even some ordinarily staid matron, who in the fierce light of day and the fiercer glare of criticism would rather be accused of impropriety than thus revealed "wobbling on wheels." Usually she is accompanied by two sympathetic friends, who strive to give words of advice and encouragement as they gasp and struggle, one upon either side, in their praiseworthy efforts to support her. Sometimes, though rarely, some gallant swain escorts her. In such cases the lesson in cycle-riding generally ends with a half-stifed scream, a sure signal that both rider and machine have collapsed. Altogether it is a quaint sight.

Society on cycles is admirably represented in a double-page coloured cartoon by Hal Hurst, which forms the supplement to the capital Summer Number of *Vanity Fair*. It contains portraits of a whole host of well-known cyclists, including the Countess of Minto, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lord and Lady William Neville, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, Lady Alexander Kennedy, Lady Norreys, the Countess Cairns, Lady Griffin, and Mrs. Sandford. "It is a curious instance of evolution, this cycling," is the comment of "Jehu Junior." "Horse-dealers curse the cycle-maker; cabmen swear at the cycle, and say that it is starving them." The Lady of *Vanity Fair* says, "Better a cycle of mine own than fifty years of a brougham." "Jehu Junior" himself, however, has to lament that he is a mere looker-on, who has not as yet mounted the whirling wheel.

Every day sees the Simpson Chain more in evidence among road-riders. The other Sunday I noticed five Simpson Chain machines among the bicycles put in at Paddington. No doubt it enables high gears to be ridden with a comfort hitherto unknown, and people are fast finding this out.

The Columbia Cycle Depot at 21, Baker Street, has added a complete repairing-shop to its other attractions, and riders of this well-known American make can get every sort of repair and alteration done without delay, and in a manner which has only hitherto been possible at one or two of the largest establishments in Coventry or Chicago. The Infanta Eulalie of Spain has ordered a Columbia cycle for herself.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE FASHIONS AND THEIR WEARERS.

Wednesday was certainly a very disconcerting development of weather for unhappy possessors of new French frocks. As a rule, Glorious Ascot lives up to its established rules of sunshine, but last week played pranks with the confiding fair, and there were melancholy little rushes



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across the lawn and a great gathering of disappearing skirts as the rainswept provokingly across the course on Hunt Cup Day. Lady Helen Grimston, who with her mother, Lady Verulam, was in Mrs. George Faber's house-party, wore a very smart grass-lawn dress on Thursday, gold embroidery and cherry coloured ribbons giving touches of judicious colour which grass-lawn above all other materials seems to yearn for. Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalie of Spain sustained her reputation of being one of the best-gowned royalties in Europe, appearing one day in a handsome gown of black moiré bengaline, with bodice of pale-amber glacé silk shot with pink under an elaborate jewelled embroidery. Another beautiful dress was worn by Lady Henry Nevill, the ground a fawn-shot canvas over rose, a yoke effect of jet and cream passementerie appearing on the bodice. Mrs. William Bonsor's gown of pink and green shot glace silk, arranged with a coat-bodice under black painted lisse, was beautiful; another of her dresses, a delightful mixture of pink and grey, the bodice made in folds, with a corselet of cut-steel hanging in deep points over a plain godet skirt. Two other Ascot *chef d'œuvres* I must describe, even at the risk of surfeiting with fine things. One, worn by a pretty American who prays to be nameless, came from Joyeuse, and was of striped black and white faille, the skirt made with godets thrown behind and gathered at the waist. Large Louis XVI. lapels, with others still wider in white satin, adorned the bodice, which had a large turn-down collar similarly arranged. Beneath lapels and collar wide frills of white tulle veiled with black gave a fascinating air of smartness; the bodice was double-breasted, fastened with strass buttons. The neck, all white satin under white tulle, was finished with the true Parisian *chic*, moderately sized sleeves with frills of tulle completing a correct Louis Seize reproduction. The other gown was specially composed by Félix for the races—a charming little beige-coloured mohair, the skirt stitched in pleats all round, a short bolero bodice, of which our French friends are so fond, being ornamented with rounded indentations and one large flap of white peau de suède lined with pink silk. A large square button set with turquoises held this lapel in its place, the waistband, which was of beige satin draped and frilled, being fastened at the left with three similar buttons. A Directoire cravat of black lisse over pink silk finished the neck. Besides the *chic* of this little gown, it looked so independent of climatic freaks, and so much more suitable to the humours of a race-meeting than half the chiffons present, that to record it was a temptation not to be resisted. Among the personages present in the enclosure on Cup Day was M. de Saint-Alary, who is talked of in Paris as an authority on the silken subject of women's gowns. Besides the interest attaching to the owner of Arlequin, M. de Saint-Alary had the added distinction of being one of the principals in a recent—and real—duel in Paris.

In paddock, lawn, everywhere, the white hat with drooped brim and nodding plumes repeated itself. High, narrow crowns are the crux of the moment, with knots and loopings of narrow black velvet; and very becoming they are with even a moderately decent complexion. Louis Seize, indeed, still queens it in hats—to be paradoxical, but, still, correct. The biretta and toque crowns are in the last cry. Round hats have ousted the becoming capote, Bird-of-Paradise plumes are still in the

millinery ascendant, and last, but by no means least, bell-shaped skirts are no longer in the first flight of modes. For this I am unfeignedly sorry. Tight sleeves and comparatively straight skirts may be new, but they are not charming, though the change is less regrettable in the evening, when balloon-sleeves, particularly at dinner-parties, often happened to be in the way. I have a lively recollection of the comical despair on more than one episcopal butler's visage as he charily insinuated decanters between the bewilderingly voluminous sleeves of his master's guests.

A dinner-dress just made for Princess Lubomirska, whose entertainments are equally well known by English and Parisians in the first flight, has been described to me by a friend, and, as it cost a record figure even for a Princess, it may interest my fashionable feminine audience to hear its details. The thick satin of which it is composed is a corn-coloured yellow. The skirt makes a new departure in being slightly trained. (Indeed, I am in bodily fear that we are in for trailing garments again.) In front, over the apron and sides, it is richly embroidered with festoons of pearls mixed with strass. A Louis XVI. corsage shows wide lapels of yellow satin, again embroidered with pearls and strass, a decoration continued with splendid effect round the neck, from which a cascade of gold lace falls, pinned in with real damask roses. My friend says it was a liberal education in clothes to sit opposite this lovely gown at dinner. The Princess wore long pearl earrings, as smart women have begun to do lately, and, altogether, took my informant's sedate English fancy by storm. Some smart dresses were worn at Mrs. Maitland Shaw's concert on Tuesday, the hostess appearing in a Louis Seize gown of white silk, with a pattern of small pink posies, the bodice a very becoming arrangement of embroidered écu, guipure, grass-lawn, and pink mousseline de soie.

The bicycle is out-bicycling itself by some new development for comfort and convenience which is brought out more or less by the day. Debenham and Freebody have the honour of a last departure in the form of a luncheon-basket, which is a miracle of compactness, and made to fit the lightest and slightest lady's machine. The whole arrangement only measures ten by four inches and nine inches high, which restricted dimension easily enables it to be attached to the handle-bar. Meanwhile, this veritable *multum in parvo* contains a wicker-covered flask of size sufficient unto the thirstiest, a neat electro drinking-cup, a sandwich-box of the same precious metal, an enamelled plate, knife, fork, and goodness knows what else, all for the sum of 27s. 6d. Not a bicycle in the kingdom should be without one. For the bicycle luncheon-basket in one tidy parcel makes us independent of all the slings and arrows of outrageous thirst and hunger, not to mention the vagaries and extortions of ruthless inn-keepers on and off the Queen's highway.

Inquiries reach me from one or two country cousins as to when the London sales begin, and, the question being of generally accepted interest among women-kind, I have given the reply in this column. July and January are, *pari passu*, the months of sacrifice, so our millinery millennium is at hand. Most of the shops start off with their bargains a-begging on July 1, while a few of the smaller and more exclusive modistes wait until the middle of the month. Nor is it only the economically minded mother of three—or more—or the slenderly allowed maid, with one frock a season, that



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will find interest in these outpourings of feminine affairs. The most prosperously placed will not disdain buying beautiful garments at a third, often a tenth, of their first value. It is the very best modistes and milliners who at this season are cheapest, because their fashionable *clientèle* will not look at anything that is not absolutely new, so these gay gowns and cloaks and hats left over must be absolutely got rid of

at any sacrifice, and this is where the wise in time find their bargains. *Enfin*, I know that Mesdames Kate Reily, Humble, Elise Kreutzer, and others in the first flight will be offering such holocausts, but the precise details I shall mention later.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JULIETTE.—I have seen really beautiful designs for combs at the Parisian Diamond Company's Bond Street shop. I should order it from them. SYBIL.

DRESSES AT THE PLAY.

"The Little Genius," who will finally and positively make his, or rather, her, delayed appearance to-morrow, Thursday, will, when she is not wearing her boy's costume, display the charms of a skirt of *cau-de-Nil* poulx de soie, striped alternately with bands of shot pink and yellow satin, and particularly beautiful lace, the corsage being in this same satin, but almost covered with an elaborate silken embroidery studded with diamonds, while cleverly arranged loops of ribbon and a soft jabot



[Copyright.]

MISS HUDLESTON IN "THE LITTLE GENIUS."

of lace complete the category. Then there will be Miss Jessie Hudleston in a green and white glacé skirt, which is wedded to a bodice where the most notable feature is a deep corselet of white satin embroidered with gold, while above this comes the soft fulness of green chiffon and the gleam of a satin collar sewn with gold and edged with pearls.

On this occasion Miss Kate Phillips will take the part of a very grand lady whose attire is wonderfully gorgeous, as witness one gown of cream brocade patterned with broad stripes, between which trail sprays of pink and yellow roses and tender-blue forget-me-nots. In startling but effective contrast comes the coat-bodice of vivid petunia silk, arranged with two revers of pale-mauve satin bordered with an appliqué of lace, paste buttons and a lace cravat completing the effect.

Miss Birdie Sutherland will be a striking figure in a gown of white and pink shot silk, patterned with blurred sprays of mauve, pink, and yellow flowers, which almost hide sundry sprays of lilies-of-the-valley in gold and white. There are two panels of pleated satin in a pale shade of mauve let in at the left side, and the accompaniment to the skirt of beauty is a true Louis XVI. coat-bodice, with an enormously high collar of softly puffed and cleverly wired green chiffon, and brocade sleeves of the genuine umbrella-shape falling over the tightest of under-sleeves. Crowning all is a hat of corn-coloured straw, which boasts of one of the newest and highest crowns and a trimming of many roses nestling in filmy folds of green tulle.

Also, for the ball-room scene, there will be three dresses all alike, which will, I fancy, attract very special notice, for they are perfectly lovely. The skirts are of white satin flounced with pink over white

tulle, and showered with the tender pinkish-yellow petals of the Gloire de Dijon rose; the flowers themselves, mixed with their pretty, dark foliage, clustering here and there, and eventually forming two long trails, which aspire to reach the waist; the bodices, in their turn, being draped into a central spray of roses, and having cloudy sleeves of tulle sprinkled with rose-leaves and dew-drops. These are a few of the many dresses for which Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, is responsible, while Alias has made about thirty gorgeous evening-dresses, which are nearly all marvels of embroidery, a novelty being introduced by sprays of flowers (which are artificial only in name and not in appearance) being arranged in such a way that they seem to grow out from the embroidered and appliqué leaves. The effect is wonderfully good, but the process is such a costly one that it is not likely to be largely imitated, I fancy.

Alias's evening-dress for Miss Hudleston is in white satin, which is a glittering mass of silver embroidery studded with diamonds, while the side-pleats of the skirt are outlined with great pearls. The chiffon bodice is drawn up into a diamond star, and has one sleeve of soft chiffon sewn with silver and pearls, and the other of embroidered satin and lace, caught up with strings of pearls.

Miss Kate Phillips will wear a gown of yellow satin embroidered with tawny chrysanthemums, and having a zouave bodice of green mirror velvet with cascades of lace, the contrast to this brilliant colouring being supplied by some soft black feather-trimming which is introduced to outline the *décolletage* and border the curious velvet sleeves with their lining of yellow satin.

Miss Birdie Sutherland will be in pale-blue satin, embroidered with pink and silver and with half-opened pink roses, enclosed within a glittering silver calyx. Moreover, there are giant lovers'-knots wrought in diamonds on the velvet side-panels, and the bodice is arranged with an almost barbaric richness of jewelled embroidery.

And this is only a foretaste—the full tale of the dress wonders at the Avenue must be reserved for next week, after the production of the piece; but, in the meantime, I must tell you the tale of the Ascot gowns with which Miss Mary Moore sustained her reputation for smart dresses. One was of white silk veiled with a silken gauze, which in its turn was patterned with vivid-pink flowers and tender-green leaves—an ideal fabric, which was displayed to the very best advantage by the simplicity of the style. The white chiffon bodice was drawn into a deep-green corselet, which, however, divided in the front to let the fulness pouch out between, and there was a touch of green at the neck, where a long cravat-bow of yellowish lace fell straightly. Miss Moore also had a white alpaca gown, only relieved by a vest of white chiffon appliqué with lace, and a third gown of dark-blue *crêpe de Chine* had its skirt arranged in many gathered rows over the hips. Her loveliest hat was of yellow straw, the hugely high crown banded round thrice with black velvet ribbon, each row fastened with a diamond and rhinestone buckle, while over the brim fell a finely pleated frill of black chiffon and yellow roses, which were contented to nestle modestly at the back, and three black ostrich-plumes, which asserted themselves prominently at the left side, completed the trimming. It seemed quite strange to see Miss Moore in this eminently fashionable attire after the quaint, old-world costumes of "Rosemary"; but she looks lovely in both.

Mrs. George Alexander was, as usual, a notably piquant figure, her dresses being wonderfully original and smart.

White muslin, with a tiny satin stripe and quaint and tiny blue flower for pattern, fashioned her Cup-Day dress, a fichu of white chiffon and fine lace being draped on the bodice, while she had the quaintest hat of corn-coloured straw narrowly bound with black velvet, the crown being surrounded by a high, upstanding frill of lace, tied in at the base with a band of black velvet and a big diamond and rhinestone buckle, giant cornflowers and two great, delicately tinted tea-roses waving aloft at one side and nestling against the hair at the back.

A still more lovely dress had a skirt of shot yellow silk, adorned with two ruches of black chiffon, and a bodice of silken grass-lawn embroidered with many delicate pink and yellow rose-petals and lightly flecked with gold. There were three narrow bands of black velvet at the waist, and a little transparent yoke and collar of lace, while the roses, which had showered their petals on the bodice, were massed in profusion on the white straw hat, which was further trimmed with bows of white silk, outlined with black velvet and a foam of white chiffon, where the most knowing of birds was perched in company with a great Paradise osprey.

And last, but by no means least, there was a white mohair, striped narrowly with yellow, and patterned with many little blurred bunches of faintly coloured flowers, and here again some black velvet was introduced, this time as an edging to the skirt. The bodice had a cleverly draped ceinture of black silk, and touches of yellow *crêpe de Chine* and lace, the quaintly shaped collar which was also added for its adornment being in the finest grass-lawn appliqué with lace and embroidered with silks which repeated all the delicate colourings of the dress.

Crown this gown in imagination with a hat of coarse white straw, huge as to the crown, and relieved by a narrow band of black velvet under the brim, while for trimming there are deftly tied bows of rose-pink silk, and you have complete the picture of a perfectly dressed woman—for that is a description which invariably applies to Mrs. George Alexander, but never with better reason than in connection with her Ascot gowns this year.

FLORENCE.

HE AND SHE.

"You looked so sheepish when you proposed to me."

"And you looked so wolfish when you accepted me."—*Life*.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 28.

It looks as if the sound-money men were going to have their way in America, and the market has been a little more active; but the public here do not take kindly to Yankee Rails, even if the professionals manage every now and again to get up a little "boomlet" to try and tickle speculative palates. Whether American Rails will ever recover their ancient glory is more than doubtful; but, no doubt, if the Republicans win in November the "bosses" of Wall Street will show their joy by putting everything up.

THE CHARTERED POSITION.

President Krüger is doing his best to set public opinion against him by dictatorial telegrams; but, seriously speaking, is it not about time that Mr. Chamberlain asked the directors of the Chartered Company what they propose to do about Mr. A. Beit and Mr. Harris, who, unlike Mr. Rhodes, are not fighting the Matabele, and whose present positions are something like a public scandal. There is no reason why these gentlemen should not pay the penalty for their share in the abortive raid, and the vindication of this country's good name all the world over requires that, if the directors of the Chartered Company do not understand their duty, Mr. Chamberlain should make it clear to them. How the shares are kept at their present price is the wonder of the age, for, without a beast left in the country, Mashonaland in revolt as well as Matabeleland, compensation to pay, troops to pay, and very little prospect of a successful raising of more capital, how can any reasonable being think the shares worth 3½, much less something over 4, at which they stood a day or so ago? Whatever one may think of Kaffirs generally, it is self-evident that sentiment and the bulldog pertinacity with which investors stick to these shares alone prevent a collapse in Chartered.

THE NEW BEESTON CYCLE.

We cannot say that we see room for many more cycle companies, and we certainly do not admire the methods adopted by those connected with the New Beeston Company. A correspondent has sent us a circular letter which he received along with a prospectus of the company in question, which letter runs as follows, and bears the vague date of "June 1896"—

DEAR SIR,—Seeing the rapidly improving prospects of the cycle and motor-cycle trades, we forward you an advance copy of prospectus which will be issued to the public shortly, and, as a large number of applications are certain to be received, in order to secure any allotment whatever your application should be received *by return of post* certain.—Yours faithfully (for the New Beeston Cycle Company, Limited),

CHARLES OSBORN, Secretary.

P.S.—The present congested state of the cycle trade proves the safety and certainty of its being a profitable investment. Money is being refused by manufacturers almost every day, and cash premiums for best machines are being freely offered by would-be purchasers. The introduction of the new motor-cycles can only further increase the demand and still further augment the profits.

Our correspondent wants to know why, in view of such a certainty as is announced in the circular, he should be favoured with this preferential offer of shares. For his information, and for that of other readers who, like him, know nothing whatever about the promoters of this company, who are thus dangling this prospect of fortune before their eyes, we may explain that the device is a very stale one—so stale, indeed, that we thought it had been abandoned some time ago. We are sorry to see it revived, and we do not share the opinion about the large number of applications likely to be received.

Even the Singer Cycle Company, which is acquiring a splendid business, fell rather flat. Those interested in the flotation, finding that too many "stags" were about, temporarily withdrew their support from the market, with the result that the shares fell from ½ premium to par, or a trifle under it. That the shares are well worth par as an investment we do not doubt; but the incident is instructive as showing the nervous state of the public mind with regard to new promotions of companies in the cycle industry. When a name and a business like Singer's fail to charm without artificial assistance, where comes in the certainty of such large applications that, "in order to secure any allotment whatever," applications must be made for New Beeston shares before the public issue of the prospectus?

Apart from this consideration, and supposing, for the sake of argument, that there were any truth in the statements quoted above, what a farce it makes of the public issue of the prospectus at all! The recipients of the circular are assured, in the most emphatic terms, that applicants in response to the public issue will not receive any allotment whatever. We shall be much surprised if this prophecy is fulfilled, unless, perhaps, in the ignominious form of the company not going to allotment at all. Mr. Harry J. Lawson, "inventor safety bicycle," and his colleagues on the board of the New Beeston Company will, we should imagine, have some difficulty in getting the capital they ask for, in spite of the picture which represents the No. 1 works of the New Beeston Cycle Company as covering an enormous area on an inclined plane in the midst of a desert, and as having a number of very dangerous-looking chimneys.

CYCLES.

The note of warning which we have from time to time sounded requires to be repeated so far as cycle promotions generally are concerned.

Most of the newspapers have taken for granted that the Elswick Company did not go to allotment because its capital was not subscribed, and have talked about the boom being over, and quoted the Elswick case as evidence. As a matter of fact, the sum asked for was subscribed four times over; but one of the directors resigned, as the result of family pressure before allotment, so there was nothing for it but to cancel the whole deal. The company was an honest one, and we are sorry for it.

CONSOLIDATED TEA.

Rather out of the common run is the Consolidated Tea and Lands Company, Limited, whose capital was offered last week. It is an amalgamation of two private limited liability companies which have been working successfully since 1882, and the avowed object of the amalgamation and public issue is to secure a Stock Exchange quotation in London and Glasgow. It is a big affair, with a capital of £2,000,000; and associated with it are people who have reputations which they cannot afford to imperil. Sir John Muir, of Deanston, and of Messrs. James Finlay and Company, of Glasgow and London, and also of Messrs. Finlay, Muir, and Company, of Calcutta and Colombo, is the chairman of the board. His firm in the East are to act as agents in India and Ceylon, and his firm in Glasgow as secretaries. Lord Roberts "of Kandahar and Waterford" also has a seat on the board, which further includes Mr. W. A. Coats, of the famous house of J. and P. Coats, Limited, and a number of other gentlemen of high business standing and reputation.

The three oldest Scotch banks, the Capital and Counties in England, the National Bank of India in the East, and the Bank of Ireland on the other side of St. George's Channel, are the bankers of the new company, and so on as regards all the parties to the issue of the prospectus. In addition to the object of getting a market quotation, it is stated that the new capital introduced by means of the public issue is to be used for the purpose of extending and developing the lucrative business carried on by the North and South Sylhet Tea Companies, of which the new company represents the amalgamation. We expect to hear of these shares on the market ere long. The first and second preferences are just the sort of security which investors are looking for, and the ordinary are not without their attractions in spite of the somewhat curious proviso that the directors "propose to make the calls on this class gradually as required, and within a period probably not exceeding five years from date of this issue." We imagine that the principal market will be in Glasgow, where the company is domiciled.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

A very curious situation has been created in the Kaffir Market by the complicated series of events which began on New Year's Day. One of the features of the boom in Kaffirs was the avidity with which the Bourses absorbed blocks of shares, so that the market became an international one, the Paris telephone service became totally inadequate to meet the requirements of Stock Exchange operators, and arrangements were put in hand for establishing similar means of communication with Berlin. But since Rand mining and South African financiers together came so perilously near to precipitating a European war, Continental holders of shares in Transvaal companies have become somewhat nervous, and during the past week or two a notable feature of the market has been the check to every rally in Kaffirs by selling from the Continent, and particularly from Paris.

On occasions a check to a relapse has been given by buying orders from that gay city; but we read these sporadic purchases rather in the light of attempts to keep the market from collapsing until there had been returned to us a considerable proportion of the shares in South African undertakings which our Continental friends were so eager to purchase last year. They will regret their precipitancy in very many cases before the end of the year. Now that the heads of the mining industry are once more at large, business will soon resume its normal aspect. We mean the actual mining work on the Rand, as well as the financial operations which have so much to do with the prices of individual shares.

The released leaders have expressed themselves as grateful to President Krüger for the clemency he has extended to them, and they have pledged themselves not to interfere in the political affairs of the Republic. This will give them all the more time to attend to the development of the respective mines in which they are interested, and we shall be surprised if, after the necessary delay in reorganising the arrangements as to native labour, &c., the results of the well-established and proved mines do not show a very rapid recovery. It goes without saying that some time must elapse before the *status quo* is restored, and in the meantime timid Continental holders will no doubt be sellers on every advance, so that the immediate outlook in the Kaffir Market is not particularly brilliant, unless it should occur to some powerful financier or syndicate of financiers that the present is a grand opportunity for picking up cheap the shares of the good mining and kindred companies.

HOME RAILS.

The advance in Home Railway stocks seems to have been a little overdone, if one may judge from the somewhat dull tendency which was evident last week. That the dividend prospects for the half-year are very bright there can be no question, and this we have shown in a previous issue when dealing with the traffic results as weekly announced. Those published up to date are for twenty-four weeks in the case of the

English companies, and three of those companies, namely, the Great Western, London and North-Western, and the North-Eastern, have already exceeded a quarter of a million sterling of increase. Five have reached six figures in the record of increased traffic, and a number of others are within measurable distance of doing so before the half-year expires. But this rapid rate of increase has somewhat unduly stimulated public demand for Home Railway Ordinary stocks, and we have lately witnessed the inevitable though probably temporary reaction.

A month hence, when the dividend announcements begin to be made, we look for a lively market in Home Rails. The earlier announcements will be taken as an index to the proportion of the large increases likely to be absorbed by working expenditure. As it happens necessarily, the companies which record the largest increases are those which are latest in ascertaining and announcing the net proceeds of those increases. The largest recorded for the twenty-four weeks is £276,850 on the London and North-Western; and, dealing with such an enormous total, it is obviously of vital importance whether the concurrent increase of expenditure has been on a large or on a small scale. That is why a halt has been called, and investors and speculators alike are waiting for definite figures, which will enable them to judge (1) as to the actual increase in the cost of working, and (2) as to the extent to which the augmented profits have been applied to "betterment" purposes, which had perforce to be somewhat curtailed during the recent years of bad trade and declining traffics.

COMING EVENTS.

We hear that a concern called "Boardman United" is about to be brought out to take over Boardman's Brewery and two small concerns in Bradford, besides certain wine and spirit businesses. The capital is, with debentures, to be £750,000; but we have not seen a prospectus yet, and, until then, we must resist the temptation to express an opinion on the merits of the concern.

The public issue of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, will, we understand, take place on July 6, and the shares which will be offered will be 5½ per cent. preference, not 5 per cent., as reported in most of the papers. The issue price will be par, and all the ordinary capital will be taken by the vendors.

ISSUES.

The Market has been flooded with new concerns, most of which should be avoided.

The Claremont Cycle Manufacturing Company, Limited, is one of the cycle concerns which we trust our readers have left alone. When it is necessary to advertise that arrangements have been made with the Dunlop and Beeston Companies whereby machines can be delivered fitted with their tyres, one really begins to wonder what the promoters think of the public intelligence. The vendor reserves the right to subscribe for certain shares; but this means so little, for he *may* never do it, that we wonder if it was worth while to print it so prominently. Of a truth the very height of audacity is reached with an accountant's certificate of profits for the last *three months*. Time was when people expected at least three years' profits to be certified, but in the bicycle trade it seems the public are foolish enough to swallow a three months' certificate, and that, too, for a time when all the big firms have been so full that orders have overflowed to concerns like this Claremont affair. When the rush is over, and Elswick, Humber, the Coventry Machinist Company, &c., can supply what is needed, where will the little people be for work? Echo answers, "where?"

The British Motor Carriage and Cycle Company, Limited, with a capital of only £200,000, of which £85,000 will be devoted to working, is asking for subscriptions. The board is exceptionally strong, and the share capital is moderate, so that, if the motor carriage and cycle business is going to become a large and important industry (of which there seems no doubt), this company should be in an exceptional position to take advantage of orders and push its trade. The objectionable features which we have noticed in the previous motor companies appear to us absent in this case.

The Midland Cycle and Tyre Corporation, Limited, is one of the bicycle concerns which we sincerely trust our readers will leave alone. Three little concerns are to be amalgamated, and the Fleetwood tyre is to be pushed. The directors estimate a possibility of paying 10 per cent., but as to do this they have to nearly double the past profits, we think the chances are against the estimate being realised.

The Larue Air-tight Inner Tube, Limited, is, no doubt, a very useful invention, but to pay £90,000 for it is quite absurd, considering the competition among non-puncturing tyres, the many inventions in the market for effecting the same object, and the utterly undeveloped state of this Frenchman's trade. We can only say we hope no reader will apply for shares, or, if by accident such a misfortune has occurred, that he will withdraw in time to save the directors the trouble of allotting to him.

Saturday, June 20, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

K. C.—We have passed your story on to the Editor, as it has nothing to do with our department. Surely, if you had thought for a moment, you would never have sent it to the "City" Editor, who deals with finance alone.

J. P. (Newcastle).—Your signature is quite unreadable. We hope you will recognise yourself under the initials which we have tried to make out of it. We should suggest Burbank's, Hannan's Proprietary, Gladiators, and New Zealand Consolidated, but your six are not bad. We would not touch the African concern.

CUTINADOC.—We wrote you fully on the 15th inst.

G. F. M. I.—All the information at our disposal we sent you on the 16th inst.

DOUBTER.—Your name expresses our own opinion of the wisdom of holding the tyre shares. Only the very inside ring can tell what is going to happen, but if we had got in at your price we should get out at the present price, which shows you a fair profit. The rims we should hold, and think you will get rid of them without loss if you can wait.

C. J. H.—You and all our other correspondents will get a prospectus and special consideration in allotment.

MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.—It means without the right to an allotment or distribution of the shares. Of course, you can buy as many as you like in the market, like any other person.

ANTHONY.—We think from the offices of the companies the officials would send you a list of drawn bonds if you paid the postage; if not, we can furnish you with the name of a firm who will do so; but try the companies first.

F. S. M.—We wrote you fully on the 17th inst.

INVEST.—You shall have a prospectus in good time. The shares will be 5½ per cent. preference.

J. P. S.—We cannot add anything to what we have already said about the cycle shares.

C. H.—We trust we have made the position of the Dunlop Company clear to you, and why we advised 10s. premium as a reasonable price.

TAURUS.—We should say select from the following: United States, Frank Jones, New England, and Bartholomay, if you want ordinary shares and high interest, but New York Brewery debentures at below par seem to us very cheap, and we have reason for thinking that the value of the freehold land is enough to more than cover the debentures.

NEMO.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5, so it is useless for correspondents to enclose stamped envelopes. We really cannot give the names of company-promoters or recommend any of them. We have no information as to the Bank dividend, but the amalgamation scheme will be upon you before the question is worth considering. Surely you never invested to get dividends!

H. L.—(1) The worst thing about the company is the fact that the gentleman in question is connected with it. The whole affair is, in our opinion, vicious, because it adds a second profit to the article before it reaches the retailer; and, when the present boom is over, this will handicap the article in its struggle for existence. (2) An honest and genuine company. (3) We have no faith in the "gang" connected with these stores. (4) A fair investment, but we should be inclined to get out. (5 and 6) We don't like either, but the second is perhaps worth holding. (7) Too new to say much about.

INVESTOR.—In the present state of the American Market we should hold, and, if you can afford it, average. We fully expect the Republicans will win the elections and that there will be a rise in these and other bonds.

JUNIUS.—(1) We do not think you need be frightened by a chance piece of gossip which our West Australian correspondent does not give as the result of his own inspection. We are holding our own and intend to do so for higher prices. If our correspondent had seen the mine it would be quite another thing. (2) We have little reliable information. (3) Probably a good speculation. (4) No, don't give more than par for the shares, and don't be very keen on them at that in view of the attacks to which the company has been subjected.

J. M.—See first answer to "Junius."

RUSTY.—We prefer No. 1. We should be inclined to recommend Day Dawn Block or Mills Day Dawn United. Kathleen might suit you. You will get the newspaper prospectus with all our other correspondents.

I. A. E.—You have been very well treated. (1) Yes. (2) The charge for stamp goes to the Government and must be paid on transfer, and is at the rate of 10s. per cent. on the consideration-money. (3) The fee is the proper one for registering the transfer at the company's office. (4) No.

A. P.—See the end of our answer to "Rusty."

C. C. H.—The shares will be £5 each, issued at par, and carrying 5½ per cent. preferential dividend. We should hold both the mines for improvement.

STOKES.—If we knew of an investment which could be sold at any time, and out of which we could get a small profit, we should not be writing for the Press. We suppose you mean out of which one may hope for a profit. Uruguay 3½ per cent. stock strikes us as the sort of thing for you; Assam Railway and Trading 8 per cent. preferred shares are also not a bad purchase; or, if you want to put a bit of your money into a mine, try New Zealand Consolidated, Limited. We never said Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. would rise, but that they were doing a fine business and *ought* to go higher. Our opinion is unchanged.

FIDDLE.—(1) We don't like these shares, but the market is often rigged without any regard to merits. Get out on the first favourable chance. (2) We have no information. No. (3) The company is doing a fine business, and we consider the shares a fair speculative investment. (4) We believe the mine to be a swindle.

J. C. B.—You shall have the prospectus in plenty of time. See answer to "C. C. H."

J. E. D. M.—If you speculate in mines, you really must not talk about "safe to go up." We cannot advise you as long as you think that such things can be found. (1) This is a very good, sound, honest concern. (2) This we believe to be a swindle. Day Dawn Block or New Zealand Consolidated, Limited, might suit you. We think, in the long run, holders of Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand will do well.

H. S.—We have not read the article you refer to, but the shares are not a bad speculative purchase, and might well move up; but we have no information about a probable early rise.

To raise one's spirits, Mr. Standish O'Grady's new story, "In the Wake of King James" (Dent), comes handy. Its tragedy is of the enlivening kind, where the persecuted good get the upper hand at last, after terrible experiences of dungeons and racks and escapes by rocky land and perilous sea. It is all gloriously improbable, this tale of a trusting young Williamite who paid a friendly visit to Dun-Randal, the dark castle where his unknown Jacobite kinsmen dwelt, and who was cheated of his money and imprisoned, and threatened with torture and death by a set of picturesque and perfect villains of the old school. The whole plot is no better than average school-boy fiction provides; but then, with its occasional bursts of genuine romance, its glimpses of clear-shining beauty and the radiance of the wonderful Sheela, the plot might be far cruder and more artificial than it is, and yet the book would remain a notable one.